

THE LIGUORIAN



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Remember?

You know the hours' anguished slowness
When night creeps sluggard-like toward distant dawn;
You know the darkness' still aloneness
When all companionship and hope seem gone —

*Forget you then Gethsemani
And Him Who bore
The blood, wine-pressed, of agony
From every pore?*

You know the touch of cruel fingers
Whose name is pain, whose enemy is rest;
You know the sword-thrust hurt that lingers
In head, in heart, in limb, in aching breast —

*Remember then the dungeon dim,
The ropes, the thongs,
The swarthy soldiers scourging Him
Who bore your wrongs?*

You know the helplessness of weakness
Of hands, that can but idle, strengthless lie,
You know the sickroom's weary bleakness
When all the busy world goes passing by —

*Forget you then the hands fast-nailed
The feet pierced through,
The One Who, on a cross impaled,
Sought death — for you?*

— D. F. Miller.

FATHER TIM CASEY

REPORTING THE RATTLESNAKE

C. D. McENNIRY

"**M**OM! Mom! Mom!" Emmet Monogue kept shouting from the time he reached the front gate until he burst breathless into the house. "Mom, do you know what? Bobby Tuck was expelled from school today. Brother Kevin said. . . ." Suddenly he caught sight of Father Casey sitting with Mr. Monogue at the radio and he shrivelled up into silence.

"Go on with your story, Emmet," the priest urged. "Whatever was right to say in my absence, is right to say in my presence."

"Put up your books, child," his mother told him, "then sit down and do as Father bids you."

The budding reporter had lost all enthusiasm over his scoop. Sitting uncomfortably on the edge of a chair, he made the story as brief as possible.

"Bobbie had been giving bad books around to the other boys," he said. "Brother Kevin found it out. He said no corrupter of morals could be tolerated in St. Mary's High. And Bobby was expelled. That's all." And he cast an avid glance at the pantry door.

"How did Brother Kevin find out?" little Monica asked.

"Bobby gave one of them bad — I mean one of those bad books to Sylvester Burney. 'Stead of reading it, Sylvester brought it to Brother Kevin. And that put the skids under Bobby."

"It is fortunate Brother Kevin discovered it before further harm was done. All the same I do not like the way he got the information. I just detest tattlers," Mary Rose declared.

"Is it the way you would be makin' over the laws of God?" Uncle Dan demanded.

"There is no law of God commanding me to carry tales about a companion and get him into trouble. Is there, Father?" She appealed to the priest.

"Let me answer that question by another, Mary Rose. If you knew there was a rattlesnake behind the wraps in the cloak room, is there any law of God obliging you to give warning before your companions come in to get their belongings?"

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Monica squealed. "O-u-u-u! Reach in for your scarf and grab a rattlesnake! O-u-u-u!"

"Of course there is a law of God obliging me to give warning," Mary Rose replied, "the law of fraternal charity which says when the neighbor is in danger of meeting his death unless I help him, I am obliged under pain of sin to do so, even at the cost of great personal suffering or loss."

"Correct. Now tell me which is the worse misfortune to your neighbor — to be bitten by a rattlesnake or to offend God and go to hell?"

"Surely the latter is worse."

"That boy who was secretly spreading bad literature in the school was inducing his companions to commit sin, to offend God, to acquire a passion for bad reading and all the evils that follow it and to run the risk of eternal damnation. There was no way of eliminating this pest except by reporting to the Brother Superior. Sylvester was bound in conscience to report. He would have been guilty of a mortal sin against charity had he neglected to do so and he could not be pardoned for that sin as long as he persisted in that neglect. No amount of repugnance felt in reporting a companion would excuse him. The imminent spiritual harm was too great."

"I AM glad," Mary Rose declared, "I did not know that while I was going to school."

"You should have known it. And you would have known it had you paid attention to the instructions in Christian doctrine."

"We girls counted it a point of honor never to tattle. And I am sure there are many others like us."

"Undoubtedly," Father Casey replied. "And there always have been ever since the day the murderer Cain demanded: Am I my brother's keeper? It comes from the false pagan principle that we have no responsibility for the true welfare of our brother. And do not think, Mary Rose," he continued, "that you are freed from this grave law the moment you are graduated from school. Even in later life there can be occasions in which it obliges you to take action."

"I cannot imagine, Father, my ever being in a position where that could occur."

"You are in a position right now where it could occur. Suppose you

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knew an official down at the office who made a practice of seducing innocent girls among the employees. You would be bound under sin to denounce him. I know the president of your concern, and I am convinced that he would not tolerate such a skunk in the office for one minute."

"What! Report an official and have him ousted from his job!"

"Yes. A Judas official who has caused Jesus Christ to be ousted from innocent souls. Absolutely yes."

"Father, Father," Monica broke in, "I remember once when Sister Majella punished Sadie Rowl for reporting another girl."

"Was the report true?"

"That was just the trouble; it wasn't. Sadie reported the girl for telling bad stories, and Sister Majella made an investigation. Sister Majella always makes an investigation before she does anything to anybody. She found the report wasn't true at all. Sister Majella said: Sadie, how could you report your companion for something she did not do? And Sadie said: I *thought* she did it. And Sister Majella said: To report that your companion committed a sin, when you are not sure but only think so, is a very great wrong. It is unjustly destroying her good name. And she gave Sadie a severe punishment."

"And richly the lassie deserved it," commented Uncle Dan.

"Which shows," said Father Casey, "with what a delicate matter you are dealing when considering the reporting or not reporting of a scandal-giver. On the one hand you cannot, if you love God and hope for mercy, allow a scandal-giver to continue doing harm to immortal souls. On the other hand you dare not wantonly destroy anybody's good name. You must be sure the person has done this evil before you tell the superior he did. You must not tell it to anybody else except the superior who can put a stop to the scandal. In doubt consult your confessor before you make up your mind to act or not to act. The consequences are too serious to decide lightly one way or the other."

"I can see it now," Mary Rose admitted, "how it is our duty to denounce those who are leading others into sin. It goes against the grain, but charity demands it. We must protect our neighbor from spiritual harm even more than from physical harm."

JUST when the question seemed settled, Mrs. Monogue brought up another doubt. "They used to tell us, Father," she said, "that we

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are sometimes obliged to report the secret sin of another, even though, by that sin, the person is doing no harm to anybody else. An instance that comes to my mind just now is that of a girl in our graduating class. She got a passion for reading about Christian Science, and it quite unsettled her faith, which had never been too strong — she was the child of a mixed marriage. But she kept all this to herself and never breathed a word to anybody else. She never mentioned Christian Science or let any of us see the books she was reading. It was by the merest accident that I found out. Nevertheless Sister told me afterwards that I had done wrong in not reporting her to the superior."

"Oh, surely that is going too far! Reporting, reporting, always reporting!" Mary Rose protested. "The nuns are daffy about that. Why should you be obliged to go and ruin her good name with the superior when she was harming nobody but herself?"

"No, Mrs. Monogue," said Father Casey, "you were not obliged, you were not even allowed, to ruin her good name with the superior, if — mark well — if, by admonishing her yourself, you could have induced her to stop the sin by which she was doing so much harm to her own soul. But if you tried a private admonition, and it proved useless; or if you knew, even without trying, that it would be useless, then you *were* obliged to tell the superior."

"An admonition from me," Mrs. Monogue declared, "would have left no more impression than water on a duck's back. She thought she was so much more intellectual than the rest of us — she was in fact extraordinarily brilliant — that she would have scoffed at my poor admonition."

"Then it is clear," the priest decided, "that you were obliged to report her without even attempting an admonition. The superior would most likely have succeeded in helping her, eventually if not at once."

"But why, Father?" Mary Rose demanded, "why all this admonishing and reporting? Why all this interfering in another's private life?"

"Because the Holy Ghost commands it. In the Book of Ecclesiasticus He says: Reprove a friend . . . that he may do it no more. Reprove thy neighbor . . . that he may not say it again. Because Our Lord insists on it. In the Gospel of St. Matthew He says: But if thy brother shall offend against thee, go and rebuke him between thee and him alone. If he shall hear thee, thou shalt gain thy brother. And if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or

three witnesses every word may stand. And if he will not hear thee, tell the church. Because St. Paul, in his letter to Timothy, even tells you the different manner in which you are to admonish different persons."

"I see," Mary Rose conceded, "we are obliged to do it. But it is surely not in harmony with the spirit of our times."

"Then that is a sign that 'our times' have forgotten the teachings of Christ and the value of an immortal soul."

"The other case—the case of the scandal-giver," Mike Monogue observed, "is easier to understand. There he is doing harm to others by leading them into sin, and he should be stopped. But here nobody is harmed but himself, and he is inflicting and accepting that harm of his own free will."

"If you saw a man attempting suicide, inflicting and accepting death of his own free will, you would be obliged to stop him, would you not?"

"I surely would."

"Sin kills the soul—takes away its supernatural life. By sinning, he is committing suicide with regard to the nobler part of his being, the soul. If you love him as a brother, you must do all you can to avert such a disaster."

"PLEASE tell us, Father," Mary Rose begged, "how to fulfill this law of Christ, how to go about it in practical, everyday life."

"Suppose that you learn that your neighbor is committing a sin. This sin is not known to others. You must take the greatest care not to spread the report and thereby ruin his good name, for you would be guilty of grave injustice. If there is any hope that you can induce him to stop, you must speak to him yourself without reporting the matter to anybody else. Our Lord says: Rebuke him between thee and him alone. But do not swoop down on him like a hawk on a chicken. You might do more harm than good. Choose with great prudence the time, the place, the manner best calculated to ensure success. Even though the first admonition proves fruitless, you must often try a second and a third time."

"Christ says: If he does not hear thee, tell the church. Who is that?"

"Anybody with enough authority and influence to convert him, or

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at least to have a good chance of converting him: his father or mother; his teacher, if he is attending school; his pastor, if he is secretly missing his Easter duty or if he is secretly living in unlawful wedlock."

"Suppose, Father, there is nobody with enough influence to impress him."

"You have no obligation of reporting him to those who can do nothing."

"I always knew that parents had the obligation of admonishing a sinful child, but I never knew that everybody had this obligation."

"Parents," the priest explained, "pastors, preachers, confessors, teachers, superiors are much more strictly bound than others, but in principle everybody is bound. This correction is a duty of charity, and nobody is exempt from the law of charity. Friends are obliged to admonish friends, inferiors superiors, even at times children are obliged to admonish parents."

"Mary Rose and Monica do not fail to fulfill that obligation," Mrs. Monogue remarked with a smile.

"A child is to admonish its parents if they are guilty of sin and it has hopes of converting them. The admonition is to be made with respect and deference, more in the form of supplication than of reproof. These are the conditions. From these conditions the young ladies will see they have no scriptural warrant for barking and snapping at their mother simply because she does not dress or talk or walk the way their vanity and human respect desires," said Father Casey.

Catholic Patriotism 1917-1918

The Catholic population constituted 16.94 per cent of the total population of the U. S. On this percentage basis 779,525 men should have served their country.

The fact is—*well over 800,000* Catholic men did serve their country. 22,000 Catholic soldiers gave up their lives for their country.

The first American sailor to be killed was John Eopolucci. It was on April 1, 1917. John Eopolucci was a Catholic.

The first American soldier to be wounded was Lieut. Louis J. Ganella. It was on July 14, 1917. Lieut. Ganella was a Catholic.

The first American officer to be killed was Lieut. Fitzsimons. It was on Sept. 4, 1917. Lieut. Fitzsimons was a Catholic.

The last American officer to be killed was Lieut. Chaplain William F. Davitt. It was a few minutes before 11 a.m., November 11, 1918. Lieut. Davitt was a Roman Catholic priest.

ON LAY ART CRITICS

There are some who know much, but say little. There are others who know little but say much. Both these types are to be found amongst modern art critics. This article proposes to expose the one and the other, and those who go between.

E. F. MILLER

ART like bread is one of the indispensable necessities of man. From the days before there were any days (currently known as pre-historic times) when the cave people drew their rude drawings on stone walls, down to the present era of enlightenment when civilized people fill buildings with pictures and statues and books, and theatres with plays and music, and the very sky with brilliant combinations of color (neon lights, exploding shells, fireworks), there has ever been the need of putting into substantial and sensible form the innate and intangible stretchings of the race for beauty and perfection, for that unity in multiplicity which man in common with all unconscious nature desires consciously with all the force of his being.

Man is inseparably attached to art. Let there be a war, and the country's masterpieces are spirited away on the same boat with the women and children (those who have the money to pay the passage). Let there be a threat of a bombing on an open city, and the city fathers will sand-bag the public museum at the same time they blow the siren in order to warn the women and children (who couldn't get away) that death is on the wing. Perhaps it is not so hard to die if you know that you have a good chance of dying before another hour is over. At any rate, according to some lovers of art, there will be other homes in the future and other women and children; perhaps there won't be any more masterpieces. Therefore, if it comes to a showdown. . . .

Mr. H. G. Wells is the spokesman for this latter opinion when he says: "A beautiful picture defaced . . . can be just as horrifying as any of these living casualties. Just as horrifying. More so. Ask any cultivated person who tells the truth whether he'd rather see Leonardo's Mona Lisa destroyed or half a dozen babies." This is art appreciation at its highest! This is the new barbarism which godless scientists have brought into being at its noblest! That is why the exotic and the un-

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appreciative are persisting these days (even as they did in past days) in spending their time in seeking safe shelter for their babies instead of standing at attention waiting for a potential blaze to spring out of the roof of the city museum. And perhaps that is why there are as many babies as there are. Ordinary folks somehow prefer the model to the imitation of the model. They have not been "cultured" back into barbarism like the so-called Scientists and H. G. Wells.

However, it must still be maintained that the world has become a world of connoisseurs. From the bootblack to the bootlegger of old all men have set themselves up as evaluators of the things of art. They flood their homes with pictures, their churches with architecture, their leisure hours with the movies. They can tell you at a glance whether or not this particular creation is good or bad. They can level with a lifting of the eyebrows the dissident who dares cast aspersions on the skill of the jitterbug band leader or the consummate wizardry of the magazine that devotes its pages to photographs. They have grown up, these moderns; and they didn't have to go to an art school for the purpose. Democracy and a high school education made all men not only equal but also brilliant.

In this matter of the appreciation of art there are many different schools of thought as to what should be appreciated and what should not be appreciated. Opinions vary according to the class in society to which one belongs, and according to the training, environment and friendships which one had from the early years of youth. Sometimes art appreciation will lie dormant for a long time; then suddenly through a congeries of circumstances it will blossom out into full flower like Jack's beanstock.

THERE is the newly-made rich group. It always happens in those countries where industrial and business competition is the machinery of success or failure that some people are going to rise from rags to riches over night. They were poor yesterday; today they are of the chosen few. Oil was discovered on their property; they went into bullet making for profit; they made a coup in Wall Street. And now the golden stream is pouring into their laps like water from a spigot.

It is necessary that these chosen ones reorganize their outlook on life. While last week they were content to listen to a nickle music box

in a cheap cafe, now they must buy season tickets for the symphony and the opera. While last month they thought that there was nothing better in the world than the rotogravure section of the Sunday supplement, now they must buy new trunks, and travel to the Louvre and the Vatican and lay their cultured eyes on the originals of the masters. Generally their privately conducted tour will not allow them to spend too much time before the Rafaels and El Grecos; but that makes little difference. Their feet hurt them anyway (marble floors play hob with feet) and their hearts cry out (in private) for a place where they can remove their shoes and page through the latest edition of *Life*.

It is sufficient at any rate if it becomes known among their friends that they proved their love of art by travelling five thousand miles to see what they could have seen in their own Metropolitan in New York even before they had a penny beyond what they actually needed for the ordinary things of daily life. When asked what they saw and what they heard (in the way of art), they can only "ah" and "oh" and be too full for words. When the time comes, however, they will prove their esthetic leanings by sponsoring an exhibit of ancient chinaware in the so-and-so galleries, and by hanging up a lot of faded paintings (that some dealer told them were authentic) in their salon. The maid is given orders to dust them carefully every week. Sometimes the faded paintings will not even find their way to the home, but will be allowed to remain stored in warehouses, eventually to be sold at auction on the death of the head of the family. It is said that Mr. Hearst had many such paintings (originals amongst them) stored away, and that he had so completely forgotten about them that on seeing them pictured in a travel book he would send out an agent to buy them, not realizing that they were already in his possession.

It is only the rich that can belong to this class; and generally only the new rich. Just as money will in a nonce supplant a mid-western accent with something more salty smacking of New Yorkese or Englandese, so also will money supplant a taste for low things with something more cultured and refined smacking of fine old families and generations of background. When there was no carpet on the floor father could run the risk of slivers by tramping through the parlor in his bare feet. With the coming of a Persian rug he must remain shod at all times except when he is actually in bed. Thus can money talk.

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THERE is a second group of art appreciators. It centers itself mainly in barber shops, boarding house rooms and taverns. The kind of art appreciated here is the kind that is most often found on calendars, cigarette advertisements and in Hollywood publicity. Were anyone in the dead of night to steal into quarters where such art hangs and replace the prettily adorned calendar or the soft-drink cutie with an original Murillo there would be consternation amongst the art lovers in the morning. Empty eyes would look disdainfully on the Murillo and odious comparisons would be made. A general order would go out to seek and find the pictured girl smiling so sweetly and exhibiting all human perfection even while she dangled a cigarette from her fingers or lifted the latest find in beverages to her lips. And when she was found she would be hung over the Murillo as one might open a window to let in a ray of sunshine. That's art! And not the soulful thing that had been made to take its place. You can't fool the public. Hollywood has learned that. That is why Hollywood is so artistic in its advertisements.

To become a master at appreciation of this sort it is not necessary to take a course in the schools. The only requirement is that the student live in a large city, preferably very large, confine his reading to the newspapers and lighter magazines, and associate only with those who are already graduates. As little thought and conversation as possible on serious subjects are also advised. The inner transformation will not take place at once; but a year or two will effect the change. And then he too will be able to stand entranced before the latest picture that Old Gold and Coca Cola use in the interests of the higher arts.

THE last group comprises those who are of the few. They do not necessarily live in Greenwich Village or wear long hair and dirty smocks. They are normal in every respect. They work at their job, raise a family and enjoy a ball game.

But there is something in them (for which they cannot account) which makes them find their greatest joy in the things of real art. They can read the plays of Shakespeare on the way to work and be impervious to the sounds about them. They can look upon a famous painting and be enthralled, and that whether anyone is watching them or not. They can even be highly moved by a sunset or a flower or a tree, though not a word about their feelings ever escapes their lips. In fact they speak

very little about their feelings, fearing that people will not understand them, or will think that they are trying "to put on." They are right in that: people will so think.

They have the *tactus eruditus* in accepting that which is genuine and in rejecting that which is spurious. A poet can appeal to them though he be an unknown poet, and a sculptor be worthy of high praise though he carved but one statue. Modernistic churches are as revolting to them as slavish imitations of ancient forms. The world in all its moods is beautiful in their eyes, and they claim as their friends only those who can capture that beauty and make it permanent through the medium of art.

Were these people to be asked why they find one painting or poem or song artistic and another not artistic, undoubtedly they would not be able to tell you. Their grammar might not be equal to the task. But the reason of their correct judgments is apparent.

They are the kith and kin of the true artist though they never held a brush or fingered a pencil. They are the men and women who live in the world but are not of the world. They see the shortcomings, the failings, the sorrows of the universe (of which they are a part), and they aspire with all their being to remove them. The ability to detect contrast is their virtue: that which is, and that which ought to be. In their own minds and hearts they are always creating, they are always making perfect what is imperfect, or portraying to themselves in their fancyings of the imperfect just where perfection has been missed, and how it should be there in accordance with the nature of the thing.

Thus when there comes into their hands a work, the counterpart of themselves and their dreams, they recognize it at once. What the world thinks of it, they do not care. It is theirs, it is themselves to be meditated over again and again—literally to be consumed. That is why we so often see such people uninterested in the trivial pastimes, the artificial fanfare and the breezy hilarity of the moderns. They see through it all. They are the real artists of the world.

THESE three groups have nothing in common. They are as unlike as land, fire and water. The last named group is now in the minority. But some day it will come into its own. That will be when the frivolity and superficiality of our times are finally recognized by the majority of the people. The world will be better for it.

CHATTER FROM HOLLYWOOD

Leona Larson

(Formula: Take one part contract trouble or temperamental tantrum of one movie star; one part inside information on latest divorce and probable remarriage of one movie idol; one part "artistic criticism" of one indecent spot in a new movie being made—Mix well with equal parts of familiarity and superiority, and you have one movie column sufficient to serve thousands of readers. Sample follows:)

Just returned from a chat with Barbara Del Rio, who confided to me that her studio had "done her wrong." Imagine! She was talked into a contract at a mere \$30,000 a week, and now they won't play her in anything but comedy. "Everybody knows," said Barbara, "that while I am good at comedy, I am even better at straight roles." Barbara is a modest girl, who never flies into a temper except when her feelings are hurt, and who is content to scrape along on \$30,000 a week when others are getting as high as \$50,000. Just another instance of Hollywood injustice. . . . Saw Clark Brant walking down the Avenue with his latest heart-beat: none other than Patricia Patrick, erstwhile spouse of Johnny Cognac. Clark is awaiting final divorce papers from wife No. 2, Muriel May, and apparently will lose no time in again entering wedlock. This time it seems to be the genuine article, and it is even being wagered that the marriage will last upwards of a year or more. This would be the longest run in three tries for Clark, and many think it impossible. That old de-romancer incompatibility will step in and spoil things. Movie stars are, after all, so superior to ordinary folk in their talents, that it would not be fair to judge them by ordinary standards. Clark is a swell fellow, who will stick by his friends to the last ditch, even though he hasn't been able to stick by Wife No. 1 and Wife No. 2. . . . The latest Goldblatt production—"East of Mongolia"—is being mentioned for academy honors. This picture, featuring the glamorous Lucia Lamure, is decidedly on the daring side. Joe Breen must have had one eye closed when he let it pass. The scene in which Sin-Sin (Lucia Lamure) trysts with her lover, Sing-Hi-Lo (Paul Rake) in an old pagoda is beautifully done, though it may offend many by its suggestiveness. But why speak of modesty, when we are face to face with Art? "East of Mongolia" is breaking all box-office records in the slum districts.

EXAMEN FOR LAYMEN (IV)

This is the fourth self-examination to be made on a general topic pertaining to God's law. Twelve such examinations are being offered, one each month of the current year.

F. A. RYAN

GOD has made a special commandment out of the natural duty and obligation of respecting His name. That this should be necessary sometimes strikes us as very strange. God is a Father, Provider, Protector, Preserver of us all; He became man and died for us on the cross, He resides in the tabernacles of our churches to be near us, and He wants to reward us all with a happiness that will never end.

On the basis of these things we are bound to love God with all our heart and soul and mind and will, and love is diametrically opposed to disrespect, irreverence, scorn and contempt in using a lover's name. Good mothers do not have to command their children not to abuse their name; worthy fathers have never been known to have to implore their sons to speak respectfully of them. Yet such is the perversion of human nature in regard to God that He has to make a special commandment that His creatures may not take His name in vain.

The chief forms of irreverence against God are blasphemy, unnecessary swearing, perjury, cursing, and profanity. The questions below deal with all these things according to the guilt they involve. Next month's examination will be on the positive duties of charity towards one's neighbor.

I. MORTAL SINS

1. Have I denied any of the attributes of God, i.e., saying that He is not all-powerful, all merciful, all just, etc.?
2. Have I said that I did not believe in God's providence, either directly by denying that He watches over all who love Him, or indirectly by saying that it is necessary to sin to avoid certain hardships?
3. Have I spoken with contempt of God, or of Christ, or of the Holy Eucharist, or of the Passion of Christ?
4. Have I deliberately expressed the wish that there were no God so that I could sin without fear of punishment?

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5. Have I accused God of cruelty, injustice, discrimination against me, because of some sorrow I had to bear?

6. Have I wished evil to God, for example, that He would be forgotten by men and offended more frequently?

7. Have I spoken slightly or contemptuously of the Mother of God, or of the Saints, or of monks, nuns, priests as such?

8. Have I made fun of the sacraments or the Mass or any other holy ceremony?

9. Have I said that God did not and could not have inspired the Bible, or that there are things in the Bible that need not be believed?

10. Have I said that Christ did not found the Church, or that He has not preserved it from error?

11. Have I said that God expects too much of an individual by imposing the ten commandments on him?

12. Have I stated that any one of the commandments of God or precepts of His Church cannot be observed by ordinary folk?

13. Have I said that I owed nothing to God, and therefore did not need to go to church or practice any religion?

14. Have I denied the miracles of our Lord, or attributed them to deceit or natural causes?

15. Have I sworn falsely at a public trial, deliberately telling a falsehood when I had taken an oath to tell the truth?

16. Have I lied about things to which I had to swear in drawing up a statement or answering a questionnaire, e.g., pertaining to insurance, getting a position, taxes, etc.?

17. Have I sworn to God that I would keep a certain promise or perform a certain work when I did not intend to do so at all?

18. Have I deliberately called upon God to witness to the truth of a lie that I told someone in private life?

19. Have I sworn to God that I would do something unjust, like defrauding a neighbor, taking revenge, hurting someone?

20. Have I deliberately cursed a human being, which means seriously wishing or asking that God condemn his soul to hell?

21. Have I twisted the words of Christ or of the Bible into an obscene or evil form?

22. Have I, as a parent or guardian, blasphemed or cursed or sworn falsely before my children or even to my children?

23. Have I encouraged others to commit any of the above sins?

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II. VENIAL SINS

1. Have I used the name "God" or "Christ" or "Jesus" or "Lord" as a byword, or as an expression of impatience, or for emphasis, or in jest?
2. Have I spoken, not maliciously, but profanely and irreverently, of any holy thing?
3. Have I sworn, i.e., called upon God to witness the truth of what I was saying, when there was no serious reason for so doing, when the matter was trivial or foolish, even though I told no lie?
4. Have I used the language of cursing against inanimate things, or against animals, or against human beings even though I did not really wish the damnation of these last?
5. Have I permitted myself to acquire the habit of using God's name profanely or of swearing or cursing almost without realization of what I was saying?
6. Have I laughed at others' profane use of God's name or other irreverent speech, as if I thought it amusing and wanted them to continue?
7. Have I neglected to correct a child subject to me when the child used irreverent or profane language?
8. Have I permitted my children to go about with companions who made frequent use of profanity?
9. Have I repeated the profanity of others as something amusing and clever?

III. HELPS AND COUNSELS

1. Have I bowed my head when uttering or hearing the name "Jesus"?
2. Have I said an interior act of adoration, praise, or love, when genuflecting before the Blessed Sacrament?
3. Have I ever offered up an act of reparation to God for the many irreverences in speech committed throughout the world?
4. When hearing someone abusing God's name, have I tried to atone for it by a short prayer in my heart?
5. Have I joined in reciting the divine praises at the end of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to atone for profane speech?
6. (For men) Have I joined the Holy Name Society, taken the pledge against bad language, and honestly tried to keep it?
7. In temptations to anger and impatience, when I am inclined to

THE LIGUORIAN

use bad language, do I try to say an interior prayer for patience?

8. Have I learned any ejaculatory prayers, by which I might frequently speak lovingly to God during the day?

9. Have I ever meditated on the folly of any misuse of God's name, because of His greatness and majesty, and because of His goodness to me?

10. Have I showed my displeasure to others when they were constantly misusing God's name?

11. Have I tried to instil in those under my care a deep respect for and love of God, which will prevent them from ever using His name in vain?

12. Have I renewed my resolution in every morning prayer not to misuse God's name?

13. Have I made an act of sorrow for every sin of speech against God when saying my evening prayers?

Rumor Denied

An indignant and long-suffering wife paid for this notice in the advertising columns of the *New-York Gazette* for 1734:

"Whereas James Moor of Woodbridge has advertised in this Gazette, as well as by Papers sent out and posted up, that his wife, Deliverance, has eloped from his Bed and Board. These are to certify, that the same is altogether false, for She has lived with Him above Eight Years under His tyranny and incredible Abuses, for He has several times attempted to murder Her and also turned Her out of Doors, shamefully abusing Her, which is well known to the Neighbors and Neighborhood in Woodbridge."

Come One, Come All

"To be seen at the sign of the Golden Apple, at Peck's Slip, price sixpence, children four coppers, a large snake-skin, 21 feet long, and four feet one inch wide. It was killed by some of Gen. Braddock's men by firing six balls into him, close by the Allegheny Mountains, supposed to be coming down to feed upon dead men. When it was killed, there was found in its belly a child, supposed to be four years old, together with a live dog! It had a horn on its tail seven inches long, and it ran as fast as a horse. All ladies and gentlemen desirous to see it may apply to the subscriber at Peck's Slip." Advertisement in the *New York Weekly Post-Boy* in the year 1756.

CONVERSATION IN A STREET-CAR

Eavesdropping is not ignoble when it is inescapable, and it is always interesting. A reporter was sent to take down the exact wording of a few conversations loudly carried on in street-cars. The result is here.

L. G. MILLER

I. GEORGE AND BILL

EVENIN', Bill.

H'ya, George.

What's new?

Nothin' much.

Well, my oldest kid went to camp last night.

That young sprout? You don't say so!

Fry me if I didn't feel like hopping on the train along with him.

I don't doubt it. Myself, I wish I was young enough to have a crack at it.

Yes sir: Seein' those young fellows leave for camp made me think of '17.

You was in the first draft, wasn't you, George?

I sure was. When I got over in France the Heinies was still plenty busy.

Myself, I didn't get over until '18. But I seen some action at that. Things was poppin' right up to the end, wasn't they, George?

I always say it's a good thing for these young lads they don't know what they're up against, Bill.

You bet, George.

Why, they think there's nothin' to army life but keepin' your mess-kit shiny.

You take the Marne now, George. I'd hate to go through that again, wouldn't you?

Cripes, yes. That's where I got that shell splinter in my knee. All I remember was a crash and when I come to I didn't have no feeling in my leg. Thought for a minute it was shot off.

Must have taken the starch out of you, eh, George?

It sure did. But I was glad to be flat on the ground when the Heinies opened up with the machine guns. I just laid there and looked at my leg.

THE LIGURIAN

Did she bleed?

Did she bleed! I looked down and she was swole up as big as my waist. A couple of guys hauled me in, and they had to cut the leg of my pants off with a pair of scissors, and when they did that I went out cold again. When I came to again I was in the hospital.

You was lucky to come through it, George, and without losin' your leg, too.

Lucky is right. The doc said I was one in a thousand. All around me in the hospital they was cutting off legs, and for a while I was so sick I didn't care if they chopped mine off or not. The doc comes one day and says: Tomorrow we'll have to take off your leg. O.K., Doc, I says. But some French doc was passing by and he says wait a minute he says let's take a look at this man. So he takes a look at my knee and then he says: I think we can save this man's leg. Impossible, says the other doc. Just let me have the responsibility for this case, says the French doc. So he took it over, and fry me if he didn't pull me through.

Did you get well in time to go back, George?

Sure did. Day before the armistice I picked up another piece of shrapnel in the shoulder.

That's war for you, eh, George?

You bet. Goin' out to get shot at for some reason nobody knows why.

But you'd sign up again if you was younger, wouldn't you, George?

I sure would. But I always say, it's a good thing for these young fellows they don't know what they're up against.

II. NELLY AND NANCY

Hello, Nelly.

Oh, hello there, Nancy. Been a long time since I saw you.

Yes, we've been busy getting Tommy ready for camp.

Oh, was Tommy drafted?

Yes, we saw him off just last night. He left on the 8:20 train for Camp McCoy.

Well! My brother-in-law's boy had to leave too, only he's with a medical corps. It must have been hard to see Tommy go.

Oh yes. And Tommy felt it, too. He's such a home-loving boy, you know, and being among all those rough men — I just don't know what he'll do.

Still, being outdoors will do him so much good.

THE LIGURIAN

Yes, I suppose it will. And then I knitted him a dozen pair of wool socks against the cold and the damp.

Well, my sister-in-law gave her boy six suits of heavy underwear, and made him promise to wear them whenever it was chilly. Don't you just hope we don't get in the war?

Yes, I do. I was saying to Jim just yesterday, Jim, I said, I hope we don't get in the war. Well, he said, I hope so too, he said, but I don't see how we're going to stay out.

Jim said that?

That's what he said. I told him. I said I wish I had that Hitler here before me. I'd give him a good piece of my mind. Who does he think he is anyway, I said, making so many people suffer. Well, said Jim, perhaps he thinks he's justified, he said. Nonsense, I said, how could anyone think he was justified in making so many people suffer!

I think Churchill is such a wonderful man, and he has such a wonderful voice, hasn't he?

Yes, I just love to hear him talk over the radio. I always listen to him if I'm not busy with the housework.

When I think of all those poor people being bombed in London I just get sick.

Yes, and all those beautiful churches and buildings. It's a dreadful thought, isn't it.

It certainly is. I was talking to my husband just yesterday. Fred, I said, I wonder if there isn't something a person could do. What do you mean, he said. Well, I said, I'll bet a lot of those poor aviators haven't got warm gloves to keep their fingers warm. I just think I'll sit down, I said, and knit a dozen pair of mittens.

And what did Fred say to that?

Why, it was the strangest thing. He just threw up his hands and said: Good grief, mittens!

Did he say that?

That's just what he said. It struck me so funny. But I couldn't get anything more out of him.

Men act awfully funny sometimes, don't they?

They certainly do.

III. JOHN AND MRS. SPIELHAUSER

Good evening, Mrs. Spielhauser.

Why, good evening, John.

THE LIGURIAN

Mind if I take this seat?

Not at all. Sit right down. How is the family?

Fine, fine.

Isn't this war awful, John? Doesn't it just make your blood boil, the way that Hitler is carrying on?

Yes, I —

Oh, sometimes I get so mad I have to go in the bedroom and lock the door before I throw a dish at someone. My husband Louie tells me: Keep calm, Emma. We ain't been bombed yet. But how can a person keep calm with so much happening. How can they, John?

It's pretty hard all right. That's why I —

Why every time you turn on the radio you hear about some place being bombed. All the paper talks about is how many tons of bombs were dropped on London. Do you think London can hold out, John?

Well, I —

They certainly are brave over there. It must be just simply awful expecting any time to have a bomb dropped on top of your house. Don't you think so, John?

Yes. I was reading in the paper that the number of airplanes —

I think that Hitler is just awful. I just wish I had a chance to tell him what I thought of him. What were you going to say about the airplanes, John?

I was going to say that Hitler is supposed to have 50,000 of them ready for the attack on England.

How awful! And then to think of all those pilots being shot down. I wonder how many planes Hitler has, anyway.

I just told you, the paper says 50,000.

Of course you did. How silly of me. Well anyway, we'll be glad when it's over, won't we, John?

We certainly will, Mrs. Spielhauser. Well, here's where I get off.

Goodbye, John. Thanks for the lovely chat.

Goodbye, Mrs. Spielhauser.

Oratory

A negro was trying to make clear to a friend what constitutes oratory. "I will elucidate," he said. "If you say black am white, dat am foolish. But if you say black am white, and bellers like a bull and pounds de table with both fists, dat am oratory."

GOOD FRIDAY

They thought it was the end of their jealous fear of Him who could raise the dead but who died Himself. They did not know it was the beginning of the world.

C. DUHART

IT WAS late afternoon on the first Good Friday. The passions of men which had burned so fiercely during the course of the day were now at rest. Many a Jew, sitting in his cottage before the evening meal, was a sadder and a wiser man than when he had left his little home in the morning.

As he sat there, silent and subdued, he must have wondered if he could be the same person who had just passed through such a hectic day. Could he be the same man who had stood among that dirty, surging mob before the governor's tribunal and shouted for the blood of a man whom he now knew to have done naught but good for the people of Palestine? Could he be the same person who had mocked and laughed and spat upon that stumbling Figure, dragging His cross behind Him; who had climbed the hill with the Nazarene and screamed with joy as the heavy hammers drove large nails through the condemned Man's hands and feet and the red rich blood spurted from the wounds? Could he be the same man who had yelled and shook his fist as the cross fell with a thud into its place; who a little while later, had quailed and shaken with terror, as

sharp streaks of lightning zigzagged across a black and threatening sky, and heavy rumblings of thunder shook the hill of Golgotha to its very base; who had drawn closer to other men in fear as that cross, bearing its pale and crimson burden, swayed back and forth, and threatened at every moment to come crashing down upon him? Could he be the same man who finally gave way to his fears, and fled headlong down the hill along with the panic-stricken, frightened crowd; who had been stopped short by a loud cry from the top of the hill, the last words of the Nazarene, and who had finally made his way home, striking his breast? What an awful, what a terrible day it had been!

The forces of nature too, which had risen in indignant anger at the murder of their Lord and Maker, were once more at peace. The deep, dark, heavy clouds which had rolled so restlessly during the crucifixion, were now reduced to a few white vapors, silvered by the rays of the declining sun.

The gardens of Joseph of Arimathea were beautiful this evening. The tops of the long rows of stately trees were gilded in the dying sunlight. Perhaps it was only

imagination, which seemed to make the sun linger, hesitating to go down upon this greatest day of the world's history. Delicious perfumes from the flowers just in bloom were wafted through the garden. There was a solemn stillness everywhere.

Everywhere? Everywhere except in a corner of the garden, where Joseph had had his sepulchre hewn from hard rock. This faithful disciple had gladly made over his tomb to his beloved Master. The process of preparing the body for burial had been completed and the last tender kisses of the bereaved Mother placed upon the cold face of her Son, and the body had been laid in its appointed place within the tomb.

JUST as the heavy rock was being rolled into place, a group of priests and Pharisees roughly pushed their way through the sorrowing group, and demanded to see the body. They had carefully watched the preparations and now they were going to make sure that the body was securely placed within the sepulchre. They were not to be fooled, — not they. They were too close to a sweet and final triumph to have the victory snatched from their hands at the last moment.

Not a thought of respect for the dead, not a feeling of pity for the bereaved, but only a deep, abiding hatred, and a fierce, exultant joy had a place in their hearts. Speaking loudly to one another, joking coarsely, they formed a perfect

picture of the triumph of evil, as they stood over the still form, leering down upon it, as it lay wrapped tightly in the grave-clothes. What a speedy consummation of their desires, what an almost unhopd-for success this was! And as a man when he has achieved a great victory after overcoming tremendous difficulties, will find pleasure in reviewing the course of his victory, and recalling the times when he was despairing of obtaining his goal, so these priests and Pharisees spoke of the tense moments of the past three years. They recalled how close they had been to defeat. They remembered how this Nazarene had "invaded their rights" by casting the sellers from the temple, how he had exposed them in their hypocrisy, how he had lashed them with his words and poured vinegar into the wounds by denouncing them as "whitened sepulchres." They could smile now at these recollections. They seemed so far away.

Other more pleasant pictures were presented to them — pictures of this man's sufferings, those pleasant images of his writhing beneath the lash, falling under the cross, drawing his last, labored breaths upon the cross. For a moment there had been a little question of their victory. Queer how those billows of clouds arose, and that thunder roared and lightning flashed! Queer how the mob had fled in terror! Queer how the Nazarene had seemed to draw himself up with majesty, in that last, piercing, thrilling cry of his!

Those things had surely caused a feeling of fear, but that was all over now, and the figure lying so helpless before them was their proof that fear of the Nazarene had been murdered. Tomorrow, they could reassume their old positions of authority over those poor fools of the Jewish rabble.

With one last triumphant glance at their dead enemy, and perhaps a kick for the lifeless corpse, they left the sepulchre. The governor's seal was fixed upon the tomb and a large body of well-trained guards placed over the sepulchre. Perhaps that was an unneeded caution, they thought. What could his apostles do? One of them had betrayed him, one denied him, and all of the remainder, except one, had fled in fear. And that faithful one, young John the son of Zebedee, would receive the same treatment as had been meted out to his Master, if he caused any trouble.

Little did those priests and Pharisees imagine, as they turned their backs on the scene, that before the sun now hidden beneath the earth's horizon had twice more completed its daily orbit, their victory would be shattered beyond hope of reclaim. Little did they imagine that that huge rock, so tightly sealed, would be rolled back like a mere pebble; that that guard, so strong, so capable, would be

groveling in the dust; and that that figure, so tightly bound within the tomb, apparently so helpless, would be animated with a new life and a glorious life, a life which they could not touch nor injure in the least. Little did they imagine that what they thought was their victory was really a glorious and an everlasting triumph for the hated Nazarene.

AND sometimes good people too are deceived, even as were the enemies of Christ, by what appears to be a real triumph of evil. They see the Catholic Church and its faithful members persecuted in Germany, Mexico and Russia. They see the blood flow; they see the good, weak and helpless in the hands of the powerful wicked. And they see this condition continued through months and years. Perhaps they grow fearful and wonder if evil can really have finally gained its victory over good. If they have learned the lesson of Christ's death and resurrection, of Christ's victory over the grave, if they have learned this lesson aright, they can have no doubt about the outcome of any conflict between good and evil. The victory of the good may be long in coming, but it will come, just as surely as came Christ's victory over the grave.

Qualification of a Servant

During the Middle Ages down to the 17th century the ability to hold a part in a domestic choral song was rated as an indispensable quality in a new maid.

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

One of the genuine misfortunes of being a shut-in is the fact that it is usually impossible to witness or take part in the beautiful liturgical services of Holy Week. This is a hardship, because if anyone would profit by the exquisitely touching dramatizations of the Saviour's bitter suffering, it is those who have been asked to share it according to His will. Yet they are the ones who are deprived of its deep comfort and consolation as brought by the liturgy.

It is recommended therefore that they approach as nearly as they can by reading or having read to them at least parts of the Holy Week services from an English missal. Beginning with the blessing of the palms on Palm Sunday, down to the ecstatic prayers of Easter, there are innumerable antiphons, prayers and descriptions that will provide both comfort for loneliness and understanding of the meaning of sorrow. Just the reading of the Passion on Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, will take the mind off one's own sufferings and fill it with thoughts of compassion for Him Who permitted all the suffering of the world to unite in His own body and soul.

On Good Friday, the whole service seems made for the shut-in, as indeed the event it commemorates gives the only answer to the problem of pain. The opening words of the Mass of the Presanctified, from the prophet Osee, strike its keynote: "Thus saith the Lord: In their affliction they will rise early to me: Come and let us return to the Lord: for He hath taken us and He will heal us: He will strike us and He will cure us; He will revive us after two days, and on the third day He will raise us up and we shall live in His sight." And in all literature there is nothing more poignant than the tender complaints of the Saviour from His cross: "O my people, what have I done unto thee? Or in what have I offended thee? Answer me. Because I led thee out of the land of Egypt, thou hast prepared a cross for thy Saviour. . . . What more should I have done, and did it not? Behold I have planted thee as my fairest vine, and thou hast become very bitter unto Me, for thou hast quenched My thirst with vinegar, and with a lance hast thou pierced thy Saviour's side."

Even a pagan shut-in who has never known Christ will be strengthened and comforted, and perhaps led to Christ by this means. As for the Christian sufferer, his pain will seem like nothing if he is permitted to contemplate the sufferings of His Saviour.

THE CASE OF NANCY McCLURG

How funny! For a girl to be dragging religion right into her love affairs and then into a court of law! Yet there are plenty of the kind — and they are worth looking for — despite the readiness with pins.

E. F. MILLER

NAME the charge, officer."
"Assault, your honor."

"Who assaulted whom? And why is this young man limping?"

"The lady here assaulted him. That's why she's here, and that's why he's limping."

"What did she do?"

"Well, I was riding down the street on my beat when I saw a car zigzagging back and forth in front of me. I said to myself, 'there's something rotten there' and pulled up alongside it. Just as I did so, I heard a loud cry from this here young man."

"What was the matter with him?"

"That's what I wanted to know. I stopped them at the curb. There in the car were these folks. The man said that she stuck a pin in him."

"Is that right, young lady?" asked the judge.

"It is."

"Say — weren't you in her before, just after Valentine's Day? What's your name?"

"Nancy McClurg. Yes, I was here."

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself. One can't go around sticking pins in people, you know. Against the law."

"He tried to kidnap me."

"Who tried to kidnap you?"

"Why, Ronald here, of course."

"It's not true what she says," said Ronald. "All I wanted to do was make her see some sense. We had been going out together for about a month. But we always seemed to be fighting. This time I was just going to ride her around the block when all of a sudden she jabbed me in the back about an inch deep with a pin."

"That's a lie," said Nancy.

"It is not. I'll show the judge the wound."

"That's quite unnecessary," said the judge, "But what *sense* did you want her to see when you drove her around the block?"

"To marry me, of course. She loves me. Ask her."

"How about it, Nancy?"

"I did sort of love him, I admit — until I found out a few things. Now I don't know. I like him. But I don't think I really love him — at least not yet." She looked sidewise at Ronald.

"What did you find out?"

"I'd prefer not to say. You'd think I was crazy."

"You've got to tell me."

"All right, then. I found out that he didn't believe in hell."

"What's that got to do with it? You can't start sticking pins in people just because they don't believe in hell."

"I know it. But he wanted to marry me. And he said when we went out driving this morning — that is, he said it after I had gotten into the car and we were on our way that he was going to marry me whether I consented or not. You see we had intended only to take a short ride around the block. Then we had the big argument, the biggest one we ever had. Right in the midst of it he tried to go into a clinch with me — I think I told you before, at that Valentine affair, what I think of clinches — and right on top of that when I tried to push him aside, he said that he was going to take me to a justice of the peace who he knew would marry us and no questions asked. I knew, naturally, that it wouldn't be any marriage; but I was determined that it wasn't going to go even that far. So I used a pin."

"That's clear then. You stuck him with a pin because he wanted to force you to marry him. But I don't see what his belief or lack of belief in hell has to do with your marrying him or not marrying him. Why should that stop you? I don't see it." The judge shook his head.

"You don't? I thought judges were smart."

"That'll be enough of that, young lady, unless you want to spend the night in a cell. Now answer my question."

"It'll be your own funeral if you don't like what I say. It isn't *just* because of his denial of hell that I won't marry him. That was merely the last straw that broke the camel's back — I mean, convinced me that he wasn't for me." She sighed.

"Now isn't that sappy?" pleaded Ronald. "Tell her it's sappy, judge."

"You be quiet, young man. Go on, Nancy."

"What do you mean 'go on?' There's no place else to go. When I first met him, I liked him — his looks and so on. He is handsome, you know." This was said very innocently.

"Such remarks are unnecessary," chided the judge. "Get on with the story."

"O.K. When he asked me for a date, I was glad. Well, we went out together, and I soon found that he wasn't of the same religion as myself."

"But I told you that that didn't make any difference," shouted Ronald. "What more do you want!"

"Quiet!" cried the judge.

"I decided," continued Nancy, "that I'd give him a chance to come around. I'd explain things to him gradually for six weeks, no longer. I mean, I'd explain indirectly and sometimes directly. I'd even take him to a priest; and I did."

"What kind of things did you want to explain?"

"Oh, you know. About religion: confession and communion and all that."

"Did he listen to you?"

"Yes and no. I thought that I was getting along fine with him, even though we had a lot of fights. Then we had the big argument, just before I stuck him with the pin."

"Was that the argument in the car?"

"Yes."

"Was it the one about hell?"

"Exactly. It was all I needed to open my eyes to the thickness of his skull. I saw that I could never make him see sense. Then when he went into the clinch and said that foolishness about the justice of the peace, I saw red and reached for a pin. I had been told that it was a very effective weapon in emergencies like that."

"And you don't want to marry him now?"

"Absolutely not."

"Listen, Nancy," pleaded Ronald. "Let's —"

"Absolutely not. If I can't convert him now when he says that he loves me, do you think, judge, that I'll be able to convert him when that love — you know the kind that young people have for one

another — when that love wears off afterwards, as it always does when you're married a few years?"

"Listen, Nancy," again broke in Ronald. "I'll —"

"No sir. I believe in hell too much to take a chance on having it both on earth and after the earth. I got brains enough to see that."

"I see," said the judge. He paused. Then he said. "Well, my boy, what do you want me to do with your, ah, er, former girl?"

"Why, let her go, of course. I'm not hurt."

"And you, Nancy. What will I do with your ah, er, former boy friend for trying to kidnap you?"

"Why, let him go, of course. I'm beginning to think that perhaps I could give him two more weeks of trial. I see signs of softening that promises investigation. And investigation is what he wouldn't listen to before. But two weeks is the limit." She smiled. It was a very pretty smile.

"Ah!" sighed the judge. He smiled too.

"You mean that?" demanded Ronald. And he smiled.

"Case dismissed." said the judge.

Money Talks

If you are intersted in statistics, you might enjoy knowing that the extension of 7th Avenue in New York City cost \$6,000,000 a mile, while the double decking of Michigan Boulevard in Chicago cost a mere \$16,000,000 a mile. However that was nothing to the expense of Wacker Drive in Chicago which cost \$22,000,000 a mile.

In balancing your budget at the end of the year you might like to know that if you live in a city having a population of more than a million people, you pay sixty cents a year for police protection whether you ever need protection in a particular instance or not. Money also comes out of your pocket for the unraveling of traffic jams. Traffic congestion cost New York City \$500,000 a day in the '20's. It has also been noted that 2,000,000 people come into Manhattan every day; a good part of this traveling takes place within a space of an hour and a half, morning and night.

While we have no statistics on how many bullets are being made each day, we feel confident that if we had a penny for every one that emerges from factory and plant we wouldn't have to worry any longer about the coal bill or about cutting down on cigarettes to save expenses.

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE

Everyone has faced the trying task of thinking up comforting things to say to one bereaved. No need to "think them up"; they are ready made in Catholic truth.

A. FROST

I WAS writing one of those extremely difficult things — a letter of condolence. I knew the mother very well, — in fact the whole family — but it was the mother who had been stricken the hardest, indeed she was almost distraught. The poor little girl I had known too, a beautiful, frail little elf with golden curls and a far away, heavenly look. Perhaps she realized that she was going back to heaven soon.

One day she returned from school feeling ill. Her mother put her to bed and called the doctor. It was just an infection. They happen often in the life of little girls. But this proved to be some rare and mysterious infection that got worse and worse. And the doctor, in spite of the fact that he consulted the ablest men of his profession, stood by the bedside helpless. And so his little charge slipped away from his grasp, leaving the room cold and bare; and, although, many people were there, the room seemed empty.

As I sat thus musing, writing my letter to the mother, I felt very uncomfortable. I knew how much she suffered from the loss of her child. It was not like losing an ordinary child. This child was an angel. It was not as if a lingering illness had provided time to be resigned. No time had been given. To all appearances it was a cruel blow from an Unseen Hand. Power as mighty as the ocean had swept away a life in an instant.

I was stuck halfway through the letter. I had already said something about resignation to the Holy Will of God. He was taking little Dorothy to heaven, because she was too frail for earth; she was out of place on earth; that longing look in her eyes said as much as that. Other things I said, too, that I can't remember now, the usual things that are altogether true and that we see plainly — as long as we are not involved in the loss.

But somehow I knew that all this would help the mother little. She was blinded by grief. Of course, all of this was God's will, but still that

didn't give much consolation. She was still thinking about *her* girl. Could little Dorothy look down from heaven and see what was going on down on earth? Did Dorothy still love her, in an active, personal way as she had on earth? Above all, was there a chance of *meeting* Dorothy again in heaven? Not in some vague, impersonal, misty way, as a man might meet a ghost or a spectre, but in some real honest-to-goodness way, where they could, so to speak, embrace one another? It was this question, above all, I knew, that worried the mother. She knew that her innocent child was happy, but what her love-torn heart desired was union, which is of the essence of love, and its fruit. One thought could make the sorrow bearable, the thought of reunion in heaven.

And so I thought I ought to say something about that. Therefore I wrote that she would certainly meet Dorothy again in heaven. There they would be united in a love as strong as that of earth, indeed in a love much stronger, purer, ennobled. And it would not be a sort of ethereal love, unreal, vague and shadowy. It would be a real, substantial love, the love of one human being for another, a love directed not to soul merely but to soul and body, to the complete, glorified human being. Moreover, it would still be the love of a mother and child. The same relation would exist as on earth as far as affection was concerned. They would still love to talk about the same things, many of the same interests would be theirs. In fine, the heavenly union was to be the completion and perfection of the earthly union, and not a mere afterthought. In fact the heavenly union, to which the earthly one was but a shadow, was the *real* union.

As I wrote these things I felt they were true, and I felt also that most Catholics and Christians would whole-heartedly endorse them. But unfortunately I was a student! Trained in correct thinking, with a passion for theological exactness, also sincere about letters of this sort, I had to find out what Theology and Catholic thinkers had to say on the subject. Were all those nice things I had said, merely *my* ideas? Or what is perhaps worse, was I thinking with my heart rather than my head? What did Catholic thinkers say on the subject? What did great theologians say? What opinions did the Church express in her Liturgy?

I consulted several Catholic Authorities on the subject and discovered to my great joy that they not only gave me authority to speak as I had, but they even outdid me. I had expressed myself too mildly!

All the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, as well as the Sacred

Scriptures and the Church Liturgy, affirm most strongly the doctrine of reunion of friends and relatives in heaven. Christianity is the religion of love and unity, the perfect embodiment of social coherence. Social unity on earth is further cemented in heaven, for glory does not destroy but perfects nature. And earthly ties that are worthy of grace be worthy also of glory. Everything good in nature that is ratified by grace will exist forever. Hence earthly ties sanctioned and blessed by God will live on into eternity. Love of husband and wife, of mother and child, of friend and friend will live on through the apparent barrier of death.

St. Francis de Sales in writing to a grief-stricken friend, had said: "When you think of those persons from whom you could not endure to be separated, consider them precisely as those with whom you will be one day eternally united in heaven; for instance your husband, your father, your little son."

In her Liturgy, the Church bids grief-stricken souls pray thus in respect to their lost loved ones: "Grant, O God, that I may see them again in the bliss of eternal glory. Unite me with them in the happiness of the saints."

Hence we see that what our reason assumes and our natural feelings desire to be true, is raised by faith to certainty. The Church gives us authority to believe that we will meet those we love in heaven.

I had laid down my books and had taken up my letter again. How glad I was that I did not have to change a thing! In fact I had been stinting myself. So I let the words flow from my heart, happy that they were true.

War By Blockade

People sometimes ask: Is a naval blockade really effective? Here are a few of the many terrible effects, as listed by Arthur Bryant in his book *Unfinished Victory*, of the English blockade of Germany in the last war: "The death rate among children between the ages of five and fifteen was increased by 55 per cent. At Nuremberg after the war fifty per cent of the children had tuberculosis. In Bohemia in 1919 twenty per cent of the children were born dead, and forty per cent were dying within the first month of birth. Cases of puerperal fever doubled in number."

LAST WORDS

F. A. RYAN

Your Honor, the Judge, and Gentlemen of the Jury:

You ask whether I have anything to say before the sentence, the nature of which everyone here already knows, is passed upon me. Yes, I have one last word to say, and then you may pass that sentence.

In a fair trial, against my continual plea of "not guilty," you have convicted me of the premeditated murder of my partner in business, John Smith. You have found an adequate motive for the crime. For five years John Smith had been secretly robbing me of what was mine, alienating my wife's affections, defaming my character and destroying my home. All this time he had pretended to be not only my partner but my friend.

Gentlemen, you have in these proven facts a motive that all the world would recognize as sufficient to point the finger of accusation at me, even if there were no supporting evidence at all. But you have such supporting evidence. I was seen leaving the bachelor quarters of John Smith ten minutes before his body was found. When apprehended, I was found with a gun on my person from which one shot had been fired. The bullet taken from the body of John Smith was found to be the bullet fired from that gun.

Gentlemen, I do not ask you to believe the story I am about to tell. I do not tell it to obtain a merciful judgment; if that were my purpose I should have told it long ago. I tell it to make a double lesson of my conviction, a lesson taught by the dead, as well as one taught by the living.

I am guilty of the death of John Smith. But I did not murder him. I went to his rooms determined upon murder. He had my gun, having borrowed it months before for protection against robbery. He did not know that I had that very day found out his treachery to me. I talked to him about business to allay his suspicions. Then I asked him for the gun. He must have seen in my eyes something of the almost infinite hate that burned in my heart, because he went to a drawer, took out the gun, pointed it at his head, and pulled the trigger.

As he fell, all the hatred seemed to leave my heart. Realization came upon me, realization of the terrible crime I had already committed in intention, and was about to commit in reality. Therefore I took the gun from his hand, placed it in my pocket, and left the house.

It matters not to me now that he wronged me foully.

But it matters much that I am a murderer. Let me expiate my crime. Your Honor, the sentence. . . .

THE ROMANTIC QUEST OF TRUTH

THE RELATION OF ROMANCE TO REALITIES

The present day literary world likes to scoff at romanticism. Read and you'll know why Chesterton used to talk about the ignorance of the educated.

F. A. BRUNNER

AT A time when the reading public, overfed with wrathful grapes, is curious to know for whom the bell tolled, it may be to your interest to turn your contemplation away from sordid things of everyday to a world of vision and fantasy. You may be one who does not like to take your fiction seriously. You have cares enough of your own, without troubling yourself overmuch with the physical discomforts and mental anguishes of fictional others. There are always those who look upon books like *The Touchstone* or *Of Human Bondage* as the caviar of fiction, to be discreetly set aside for the literary gourmet. For themselves, just a story to take them away from the click of street-cars and the clang of phones to a world in which the men are all brave and the women all fair, where all sorts of delightfully impossible things happen as plausibly and convincingly as once upon a time they seemed to happen in the wonderland of Jack the Giant-killer and all his kith and kin of the nursery books.

That story is the romantic novel. That is romance.

In speaking of a work as romantic, it is important to employ this misused term correctly. "Romantic" describes the material of a novelist who rejects the familiar and commonplace to secure the interest which is accorded the picturesque or the unusual or the new. Its antithesis is not "realistic" but "classic" — if again that word is used in its proper sense, to mean the material which attracts readers through their familiarity with it. Classic material allows the reader to exercise the faculty of recognition, romantic kindles wonder and surprise. Walter Pater hints that whereas the classic has "order in beauty" the romantic possesses "strangeness added to beauty."

We must rid ourselves of the rooted conception that romance means a legend of love, or that it consists merely in the vast cumulation of adventurous incidents and the violent hastening of narrative to narrative.

Romance goes deeper than this. Romance will be understood, said Chesterton, only when time and man and eternity are understood. Romance attempts the Dantean heights, it clings to the dreams which are the very center of everyone's existence. The essence of much of romantic art is really the search for the stars, whether they be stars in my heart or stars in the heavens. There is the vision of the possibilities of things — far more important than mere occurrences. Ideas are the real incidents, and fancies the truest adventures — if only we give our aspirations free rein. The truth of thought!

That is not to say that all romantic fiction is idealistic. Fiction may indeed be romantic in its selection of material and yet realistic in its treatment; *The Scarlet Letter* of Nathaniel Hawthorne is just that, and reaches greatness because of the unexpected combination. But usually romantic material and idealistic treatment are compounded, as — to mention only the best — in *Ivanhoe* or *The Last of the Mohicans*.

REVIEWERS hardly ever link romance with reality. The realistic novel, all are agreed, is alone the literary form which brings us closest to life as we live it; it is an empirical study of life worked out steadily by a synthetic doctor-lawyer-merchant-thief called a novelist. For purely romantic fiction the critic has a name in the word "escapist." Realistic novels may be regarded as unplotted series of experiences and observations that try to approximate life. "Escapist" romances, on the other hand, aim to create an illusion.

But it may well be asked, which of these gives us the truer picture? True romance, while it deals with the rare and the uncommon or even with the prepossessing non-factual, is not an inartistic departure from truth. It is ultimately based on truth, for even when it hazards a deliberate departure from reality and exact fact, the result is the discovery or suggestion of a truth more profound than fact. "Poets are prophets" and every writer a seer. After all, is it not a serious error, a sign of a naive rationalism not yet outgrown, to wish to force the vast realm of reality with its tremendous deep-lying strata within the scope of material observation? The real will always be richer and bigger, more comprehensive than can be contained in the network of strands with which scientists seek to tangle it. Writing which confines itself to real phenomena is actually the most unreal, for it takes the smallest section of reality to be the whole, and ignores or denies the ultimate roots of

reality in the invisible and superterrestrial. Truth embraces far more than mere men can know.

For truth is not of man's making. It is present in the very nature of existents; men only expose it, express it. And it finds its expression among men not only in abstract formulae, the pure white light of speculation, but in what the scholastic philosopher calls the imagination, which like a prism breaks up the serene ray into myriad colors over the varied vistas of the sensible universe. Truth, from the standpoint of epistemology, is adjustment of mind to reality, to reality in any sense that it may be taken.

But is that the meaning here? Is an author bound to the truth of reality? And precisely how far? — In a word, just what is truth in the canons of art? — Tread warily!

IN THE presentation of history: No one, of course, would demand of the writer of fiction historical truth in all its stems. But the author who elects historical events for his themes is not totally free. There may be a fusion of history and fiction; there must be no confusion.

In the interests of truth the writer must cling close to reality and fact in his presentation of the kernel of historical happenings; readers would surely turn away displeased if essential points in the narrative which they already knew were misinterpreted, twisted. In his presentation of historical personages, the author is bound to draw them by and large as they were — not besmirching their character with imagined blemishes or freeing them to innocence when guilt was theirs in fact. Even more important, and far more difficult, is the author's detailing of the broader outlines of the spirit and times he is writing about. So painstaking and sincere an author as Mr. Kenneth Roberts fails miserably to show the motives of Catholic Canada in remaining aloof from our American Revolution. So honest a writer as Sir Walter Scott has, perhaps forever, glorified and idealized the Middle Ages beyond the possibility of recognition — made them carefree days of constant courageous adventure. So simple a writer as Miss Enid Dinnis falls into the snare and presents the medieval spirit as sentimental and much too unworldly. Worse still is the violence done to the historical viewpoint in the tendency to construe the past in the mood of an evanescent and often perverted present; Elizabeth Page, for instance, in *The Tree of*

Liberty teaches twentieth century Americans with twentieth century lessons lectured by Americans of another earlier vintage. Worst of all is the complete disregard of historical truth in the invention from whole cloth of parallels to history; who can read without offense the Poictesme stories of Cabell, *Figures of Earth* or *The Silver Stallion*, which copy into nonsense the career of Christ and his Apostles? The reason for all this is not far to seek. The author quite apparently promised us historical truth of a sort when he chose history for his theme; he must be faithful to his promise.

And now in the presentation of nature and the things of the natural world: Here the collision, if any, will be between truth and beauty — between the author's fashioning of his creations and our sense of the fitness of things. The writer is always to a certain extent doing violence to nature. Even when nature is reproduced as closely as possible, it always remains a reproduction, a reconstruction, built up in the mind and carefully executed in words.

But when it is a question of romance which makes no pretense to reality, where is the limitation to the author's creativeness? Not in the nature of realities as such. Fables, myths — what are they but "beautiful lies" (to apply to them the tag with which Dante somewhere dubbed poetry)? Dante's *Divine Comedy* itself — surely a theologically false picturing of eternity. All those mythological trappings. All that gorgeous Virgilian scenery. Yet neither fables and myths nor Dante offend artistic truth. Why? Because the central or basic motive is true. Art is not science. So long as the writer does not explicitly or implicitly indicate his intention to present facts as they are, he is free to alter and change to suit the symbolism and purpose (in themselves true) which underlie the whole conception.

Nature is not the norm of fiction; it is the guide. It is the model on which we mold our concept of what is suitable or becoming. The romancer dare not therefore invent things *intrinsically* impossible — contradictions in the metaphysical, the divine sense of the word. The mind seeking beauty will be stunned by the crazily extravagant which has no basis in wholesome universal truth.

Aside from this, the stuff of romance may be the stuff of beautiful dreams, fantastic, perhaps, but wondrous, exquisite. Years ago Aristotle, the Athenian philosopher, laid down the common-sense rule for drama (and it is equally true of romantic literature in general) that the

author is not responsible for the improbabilities inherent in his materials. He may choose fairies or goblins, "Brere Rabbit" or the White Whale of *Moby Dick*, Peter Pan or Captains Courageous — is he accountable for their eccentricities? their rare gifts? A story-teller is more concerned, after all, to please his hearers than to guard against inconsistencies which they in the heightened excitement of feeling would hardly detect.

THE clever artist however will hide the traces of fancy. There will be consistency in the scenes and persons portrayed, no matter how unreal they are. The actions created by the novelist will be accounted for, detail upon detail filed away in a concatenation of cause and effect. It is the praise of Defoe and Swift and Stevenson that once they assumed a position they maintained it relentlessly. By this very expedient great romantic novelists suggest the unusual, the marvelous without attracting our attention to its *bizarrierie*. The line which separates the "supernatural" (as critics are wont to call it, I don't know why) from the actual is made impalpable. Men like Scott and Hawthorne and Lewis Carroll bring the reader into a land of twilight where all things may happen, and it is their great though invisible effort to make him forget the intellectual surrender such a transport involves. Their creation is what might be called an *illusion* of reality. No matter how strange or incredible in real life, granting the first postulates, their stories read logically. The undiscovered country in which rude writers of the caste of Shorthouse or Bulwer-Lytton or Barrie live has laws of its own, and if the reader cares to lose the sense of the beautiful in the intellectual comfort of the prosaic, he will find that no scene or incident in their books violates these laws. Nature as a guide — and beauty in fiction, and truth consequently, will follow that guide to a plausible even though unreal fairyland, going along the same path though not in the spoor of nature. This is romance.

Apply these canons to the popular fiction of today. Women writers like Helen C. White and her namesake Olive may happily escape; even Madame Undset's massive novels manage romance with quite an approximation to reality. Graham Greene may get away unscathed in *Brighton Rock* and *The Labyrinthine Ways*; Father Dudley, though extravagant, never fails to interest. But of the hundred and more other books, how many will fall low in rating? Will the balance prove them

true? Not that a low percentage is unexpected. After all, the canons of art have long since been abandoned in the minds of writers in favor of the much more exacting and tangible figures of the royalties check. The mounting sales of a best seller are a tribute not to the best scribbler but to the best salesman.

The New Virtues

Instead of Faith — Credit.
Instead of Hope — Self-assurance.
Instead of Charity — Philanthropy.
Instead of Prudence — Cautiousness.
Instead of Justice — Rugged Individualism.
Instead of Fortitude — Fatalism.
Instead of Temperance — Etiquette.
Instead of Purity — Carefulness.

Classes are held and books are written in an effort to inculcate more thoroughly these new virtues. A synopsis of both classes and books might be — "Begin all operations with acts of Credit, Self-assurance and Philanthropy. Be cautious in everything you do; put number one first, last and always; fear nothing except loss of social prestige. Whatever you do, do it gracefully, and count only that a sin which leads to disease or jail."

Is it to be wondered at that, on the basis of these new virtues, the world is so adept at producing unprincipled snobs?

"Solid" Jazz

There is a weekly program on the radio, advertised by a very breezy announcer (who gives the impression that he is just bubbling over with happiness) as "A Half Hour of Solid Jazz." We listened to a few of the pieces that came blaring out of the sound box, and the truth of the matter is, we were quite nauseated. The man seated next to us in the room where we were listening was normal in every respect, having no old-fashioned notions about modern society and modern modes and methods of living, and possessing no tendency to Puritanism, prohibition or neuroticism. Yet, he flung his paper aside after just two pieces of "solid jazz" and cried out: "Ye gods! Do they call that music?" Any commercial product that needs "a half hour of solid jazz" to boost its sales, to our mind, already stands condemned as undeserving of the attention and patronage of the people.

Three Minute Instruction

ON OBEDIENCE

The virtue of obedience enters of necessity into every man's life. Its necessity arises from the fact that God decreed, in the very manner of creating human beings, that men should be ruled by men when and where men have an evident title to represent the authority of God. There are two principles pertaining to obedience, one for those things in which obedience to others is due, the other for those in which authority is exercised over others.

1. Obedience to lawfully constituted authority is obedience to God. Lawfully constituted authorities are: *a)* Parents, to whom God gives His own authority to govern when He sends them children who need their physical, moral, religious and intellectual guidance and help for many years. *b)* Religious superiors, Pope, bishops, pastors, etc., to whom the Son of God directly gave authority to govern in His name. *c)* Civil rulers, whose authority comes from God once they have been duly elected, chosen or confirmed by the people, because God so made men to live in groups that He obviously intended His authority to be vested in the rulers without whom group-life would be impossible. *d)* Even more limited superiors, such as teachers, physicians, superintendents in business relations,—even these share God's authority in that which pertains to the field in which leadership is necessary for the fulfillment of purposes necessary to man. Obedience to all such superiors, in all that pertains to the scope of their authority, excluding of course anything that might be sinful, may be looked upon as obedience to God and will be rewarded as such.

2. Those who hold authority are bound to exercise it in subjection to God's plans, in conformity to God's evident purpose in delegating His authority. For example, God gives His authority to parents that they may prepare their children for successful, God-fearing lives on earth and the ultimate happiness of heaven; any exercise of authority that would distort that plan of God would be abuse and misuse. Civil rulers have authority over their citizens only in those things necessary for their temporal welfare and which the citizens cannot privately procure; to go beyond that, to try to command their consciences or to interfere with personal or family rights would be misuse and abuse. So all authority has a scope based on its purpose; it is the authority of God only so long as it remains within that purpose and scope.

When obedience to lawful superiors is denied, and when superiors themselves misuse and abuse the authority they have been given, disorder, strife, increasing chaos prevail in the world. In the recognition of the source of all true authority, and and remembrance of that both in commanding and obeying, consists peace for the family, the state and the world.

VAGABOND FAMILY

For a little relief from the sombre events and melancholy moods that seem the order of the day, have a look at one man's way of solving the large family problem.

V. C. SCHMIDT

When I get married, as sometimes I fear,
I'll have a new baby for each second year.
A girl and a boy, then a boy and a girl
And twins now and then to give life a real whirl —
Triplets, quadruplets, quintuplets as well,
And maybe sextettelets, it's hard to foretell.
I'll build me a house as the family grows,
Through Summer's hot suns and the Winter's cold snows,
A wing in the front and a wing in the rear,
Let wings follow children with each passing year.
I'll have me a house that will cover an acre,
And keep very busy the butcher and baker.

I'll have Mary and Tommy and Johnny and Nell;
And Catherine and Judith and Betty and Belle;
Matthias, Tobias, and Rodney and Sue;
Lucretia, Helena, and Archie and Lew;
Matilda, Sophia, and Henry and Ben;
Bobby and Billie and Gretchen and Ken;
Socrates, Ebenezer, Sadie and Ned;
Carlos, Patricia, and Paula and Ted;
Georgie and Borgia, and Philip and Syl;
Margie and Bertha, Louisa and Til;
Frankie and Howard, Winifred, Kay;
Peter and Edward, Boniface, May;
An even four dozen, that's just what it is;
And won't I be happy, oh golly, gee whiz!

The floors and the walls of my house will be brick,
And walls, roof and floors will be twelve inches thick.
My house will be built to withstand wear and tear;
Sound-proofed, and also conditioned with air.
(With forty-eight children a-roaming the place
I can't build a house out of tinsel and lace.)

I've got to get busy and make my dream true;
At present in years I am just twenty two.
Now forty-eight children at two years apart,
Means ninety six years as a moderate start.

THE LIGURIAN

Add ninety six years to a scant twenty two —
One hundred and eighteen to see the thing through.
Subtract fifty years for the doublets and such,
Brings back sixty eight, which in years isn't much.
It's simple on paper, as well you can view,
With children from thirty odd years down to two. . . .
The family there I shall dream back a while,
And try to recapture a tear and a smile.

The first dozen years are a fool's paradise,
When looking at life through my love-lighted eyes.
The next dozen come and so swiftly they go,
They leave me a mixture of pleasure and woe.
Burdens grow greater and laughter grows less,
And even my dreams must be freighted with stress,
But still I have courage to greet each tomorrow
And buoy up my hopes over sadness and sorrow.
For sickness will often come in at the door,
And vanish and enter and vanish once more.
Tonsils, and fevers and broken bones too,
I'll share every one, ere I see the thing through.
Appendixes growl, and they've got to come out,
And I must accept them with heart that is stout.
Teeth start decaying, and they must be drilled —
With silver and platinum they must be filled.
Eyes call for glasses, the vision to save —
Through all the sad heartaches I've got to be brave.

Clothing and shoes are a problem each day,
Though hand-me-downs oft are a help in that way;
They too wear out as they pass down the line,
And cannot reach each of this family of mine.
A new pair of shoes every day is the rule,
A new suit each year for the children at school.
Clean undies on Mondays and Wednesdays prevail,
And shirts, sox and hankies that come by the bale.
Ties, collars, cuffs, muffs, and gloves, ribbons, hats,
Until I'm as stable as wild belfry bats.
Soap by the carload to wash all the duds,
And cleanse forty-eight in the Saturday suds.

Food — holy smoke! while the grocer sits pat,
The vendor of fruits doesn't do bad at that;
Butchers work overtime filling my needs,
The truck-farmer sends everything but the weeds.
Dairymen wear BVD's made of silk,
Derived from the profits of selling me milk.
Eggs by the thousands from overworked hens —
To list all my foodstuffs would wear out ten pens.

THE LIGUORIAN

And when meals are finished, oh man what a sight!
It looks like the Owl's Club had had a big night.
I'll hire a barber to trim all the hair,
And get some relief from the heads growing bare.
But still to offset this, the whiskers will grow,
And this calls for razors arranged in a row.
Then manicures, permanents, finger-waves too,
With shaving cream, brushes, and combs old and new.
Toothpaste and mouthwash and hair brilliantine,
To bring back the lustre and glistening sheen.

Tables and chairs by the dozen or so,
Mats at the doorways to stamp Winter's snow.
Carpets on floors, with a rug here and there.
A twenty-foot ice-box protecting the fare.
Mattresses, springs, and about thirty beds,
To bring restful slumber to numerous heads.
Pianos and radios, fiddles and drums
To furnish the music when company comes.
Dishes and glassware, and silver in bins,
Kettles and roasters, and jugs, pots and tins,
Heaters and ranges and toasters and all,
Armfuls of pictures to hang on the wall.
I'll have a gymnasium too for their play,
Where they'll run till exhausted throughout the long day,
With punching bags, boxing gloves, dumbbells and clubs,
Where children will imitate comers and dubs.
There'll be parallel turning bars, swings by the score,
And diamonds for baseball ruled out on the floor.
Belly-protectors and masks, gloves and balls,
Bats to send screaming home-runs o'er the walls.
Skating and fencing and bádminton there,
And volley and tennis balls found everywhere.
I'll have my own schedule with five baseball teams,
And fill the whole house with encouraging screams.
There'll be artists at tennis in singles and doubles —
A shortage will never be one of my troubles.
Oh yes, there'll be pools where the children may swim,
Or just sit and gaze if they're not in the whim.
My nerves must be steady to stand such a strain,
But there will be much more of gladness than pain.
And when all my children are tired out so —
Pajamas they'll don and to Slumberland go.

The lawn that I'll have will be made of cement
Where children can run and make never a dent.
It will be such a lawn as you never have seen —
To fool all the neighbors I'll paint the thing green.
'Twill never need cutting nor trimming at all,
Though it's tough on the kiddies who happen to fall.

THE LIGURIAN

I'll have stately trees that the children may climb
And reach for the stars in the heavens sublime.
And in the back yard I will have a deep well
Where all of my children their secrets may tell
And wish for the things that appeal to them so.
And there'll be an arbor where roses will grow,
And all other flowers that shed their perfume,
And cheer with their colors and drive away gloom.
And there I will rest when the weather is mild
Surveying the antics of each little child,
For I will be watching them all as I rest —
The children now skipping their ropes with a zest,
The younger ones doing the things that most please,
And all of them busy as flower-bound bees.
They'll bring all their noise with them into the house,
Then bed-bound, be silent like cat watching mouse.

After our breakfast we're off to the school
That is the daily unbreakable rule —
Off to the school in a slow trolley car
Dropping the children — some near and some far.
Or loading up busses with older ones,
Who travel much further than trolley car runs. . . .
And then I'll return to my now quiet house,
Take off my jacket and take off my blouse
Take off my shoes and then sit down and ponder
And wonder what's happened in lands that are yonder —

And I'll think of the forty-eight kids that I had,
Some of them good and some of them bad.
Some of them short and some of them tall,
Some of them medium-sized — that's all.
Some of them fat, some of them thin,
Some with a frown and some with a grin
Good-looking, plain-looking, cute little girls,
Black hair and blonde hair, straight hair and curls;
Clean looking boys with cheeks sporting dimples,
Boys who are older with splotches and pimples.
Brown eyes and grey eyes and eyes that are blue
Soft eyes and sharp eyes, that look a man through;
Shrill voices, still voices, voices of might;
Bold ones and others much given to fright.

I'll sit at the threshold with hands on my chin
And try to recapture the thundering din
That rang through my house when the children were there —
I'll turn me about and look into the air —
I'll pick up my pack and be gone with the day. . . .
For

'Twas only a vagabond's dream anyway.

WORSHIP IN HOLY WEEK

The notes which follow — obviously sketchy — may serve as a guide to an understanding of the structure and significance of the wondrously elaborate ceremonies of the liturgy of Holy Week.

F. A. BRUNNER

I. PALM SUNDAY

Palm Sunday takes its name from the ceremony which is featured this day, the blessing of the "palms" (or twigs of olive or willow, or sprigs of catkins and flowers, as the case may be), in memory of the palms carried by Christ's friends at his triumphal entry into Jerusalem on this very day, less than a week before his death.

There are three distinct services: The blessing of the palms;
The Procession;
The Mass.

A. THE BLESSING OF THE PALMS.

Notice the likeness to a real Mass; this is a so-called "dry" Mass, without offertory, consecration, or communion, dating to about the ninth century. The rite originally took place at a church or chapel separate from the one where Mass was sung. Significant parts of the rite are:

1. Entrance chant: *Hosanna*.
2. Prayer: *Deus, quem diligere* (a blessing).
3. Reading from *Exodus* (a book of the Old Testament), telling of the Manna.
4. Responsory (like a Gradual).
5. Gospel relating our Lord's entry into the Holy City.
6. Prayer (like the "secret" prayer at Mass).
7. Preface and *Sanctus*.
8. Preparation for the distribution of palms. — The third prayer gives a fine explanation of the symbolism of the rite.
9. Distribution of the palms (like a communion at Mass), with the chants, *Pueri Hebraeorum*.
10. Prayer, *Omnipotens* (like a post-communion).
11. *Procedamus in pace* (like the *Ite, missa est*).

B. THE PROCESSION.

This ceremonial was probably borrowed by the French and German churches from a processional rite of the church in Jerusalem, as described in the fourth century by Etheria, a pilgrim lady from Spain. It consists of:

1. The parade itself, with various processional chants. — In Rome in the early Middle Ages this procession went from the church of the "collect," where the people had gathered, the basilica of the Savior on the Lateran hill, to the Mass "station" at St. John Lateran.
2. The Ceremony of the knocking at the gates, after the singing of the jubilant *Gloria, laus et honor* of Alcuin's pupil, Theodulf, bishop of Orleans (d. 821). The meaning of this rite is made clear from the antiphon which accompanies the return to the church, "When the Lord entered the city."

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C. THE MASS.

The spirit of the Mass itself, sternly Roman in composition, differs radically from that of the blessing; instead of jubilation in victory, there is humiliation in suffering. The only link between the service of blessing and the Mass is this, that during the singing of the Passion of our Lord the "palms" are held in the hand. This ceremony is the apparent germ of the entire rite of the blessing.

II. TENEBRAE

The services held on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in Holy Week are called *Tenebrae* or "Office of Darkness" because in former years the service was sung shortly after midnight, and the darkness was heightened when towards the end of the office on Friday morning the lights were put out in accordance with the significance of the responsory *Tenebrae factae sunt*, "There was darkness," and the symbolism of Christ's dying. The rite was later extended to the other two days.

The tone of the office on these three days is one of mourning — a funeral.

In the sanctuary stands a "Tenebrae hearse," a triangular candlestick holding fourteen unbleached candles (eleven Apostles and three Mary's) and one white one (Christ).

Services consist of the regular night office of *Matins* and *Lauds* in their primitive form, unchanged since about 500 A.D.

A. MATINS.

This office derives its name from *matutinum* (morning), because sung some hours before dawn. It consists of three "Nocturnes" (or night hours), each having three psalms (with their antiphons) and three lessons (with their responses). The lessons in the first nocturne are the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremy, with their reminiscent Hebrew alphabet (in place of numbers like one, two) and their distinctive and beautiful chant, as ancient perhaps as any in the planesong repertory. The other nocturnes have readings respectively from St. Augustine of Hippo and St. Paul the Apostle.

B. LAUDS.

The office of Lauds receives this appellation "praises" because the five psalms usually said at this hour in former years began with the word *Laudate*, "Praise." On these three days, however, the service begins with the psalm of contrition, *Miserere*, "Have Mercy." There is no hymn.

During the singing of the canticle *Benedictus* the candles on the hearse are put out one by one till only the topmost, the white one, remains. This is carried, still lit, behind the altar and returned to its place after the service.

The loud noise made at the close of the prayer is a relic of the signal for dismissal, interpreted as emblematic of the quaking of the earth at the death of Christ.

III. MAUNDY THURSDAY

This English title "maundy" derives from *mandatum*, the first word in the service for the washing of the feet which is customary in the pope's household and in many monasteries in imitation of our Lord's example. The Latin title for the day celebrates the Last Supper (*in Coena Domini*).

Distinguish three functions of especial import:

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The Mass;
The Procession to the Repository;
The Stripping of the Altar.

A. THE MASS.

In ancient times there were really three Masses on this day:

1. The Mass for the reconciliation of penitents, with its austere formularies for reinstating public sinners to communion.— This fell into disuse before 1100 A.D.
2. The Mass for the consecration of the holy oils (*Missa chrismalis*).— The rites of this Mass are followed in cathedrals, but the Mass is now that described below.
3. The Mass for the Easter Communion or the Anniversary Mass of the Blessed Sacrament (*Missa in coena Domini*).— This was said at Rome late in the afternoon and began with the Mass proper, the Preface.

The Mass today is the third of these, in honor of the Eucharist, but the Fore-mass has been supplied from other services:

1. The Introit: from Tuesday in Holy Week;
2. The Oration: from Good Friday;
3. The Epistle and Gradual: from the night office of *Tenebrae*;
4. The Gospel: from the service for the washing of the feet;
5. The Offertory chant: from the feast of the Holy Cross, May 3.

B. THE PROCESSION AND REPOSITION IN THE "SEPULCHRE."

In ancient Rome Mass was never said on Fridays in Lent, but communion was preserved in a side chapel or on the altar of the Blessed Sacrament from Thursday till the next Mass to mark the continuity of the sacrifice. While the Popes were resident at Avignon, however, it became customary to add pomp to the procession that brought the Sacrament to the chapel or repository. The procession is now, therefore, like any eucharistic procession, for instance that of Forty Hours'.

C. THE STRIPPING OF THE ALTARS.

The linens used at Mass were, in olden times, always removed after every Mass, but, because of the funeral character of the services in Holy Week, the ceremony became especially marked and distinctive, commemorating our Lord's being stripped of his garments and the even more awful stripping of his divine power.

IV. GOOD FRIDAY

The Latin name for this day, *In Parasceve*, points to a word used by the Hellenistic Jews to designate a day of "preparation" for any Sabbath, particularly the Friday before the Paschal Sabbath or Saturday of the Passover.

At Rome the services of this day were held at the Sessorian basilica of the Holy Cross (known as *Sancta Hierusalem*) where was kept the large reliquary of the True Cross discovered by St. Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine.

The term "Mass of the Presanctified" is borrowed from the Byzantine churches which celebrate such a service every fast day in Lent. It is really not a MASS but a COMMUNION SERVICE, for there is no consecration.

In today's office there are four distinct parts:

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The ancient "Fore-Mass" or service of reading and prayer;
The Adoration of the Cross;
The Procession of the Blessed Sacrament;
The Communion of the Presanctified.

A. THE ANCIENT FORE-MASS.

This follows the oldest type of synax (prayer-meeting), without Introit or Kyrie, with three Bible readings, and with the great "Prayers" or Litany. It is the only service which retains intact this ancient Roman rite as it was about 400 A.D. Note:

1. The three lessons, Osee, Exodus, and the Passion according to St. John, with two tracts and a prayer between.
2. The Great Litany, the grand intercessory prayers for the wants of the world, in the style of the fifth century (Pope St. Leo). These were at one time said at every Mass right after the Gospel; hence the *Dominus vobiscum* and *Oremus*, which now have no true function.

B. THE ADORATION OF THE CROSS.

This is a ceremony introduced from the East, probably by Pope Sergius I, but modified by French and Spanish customs. It includes:

1. The unveiling of the cross, with the singing of "Behold the wood of the cross" (which at Rome meant really the True Cross).
2. The "creeping to the Cross," in reverent worship.
3. The singing of the Reproaches ("My people, what have I done to you?"), and of the *Trisagion* or triple Sanctus in Greek and Latin.

C. THE PROCESSION.

A very simple rite, introduced at Avignon in the fifteenth century. The hymn, written by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers (d. 609), refers not to the Eucharist but to the "standard of the Cross."

D. THE COMMUNION.

This is really the continuation of the "dry Mass" described above, which was interrupted by the adoration ceremonial. Our Mass from the *Pater noster* on was once just like this, but later additions were made from French and German services.

V. HOLY SATURDAY

At Rome this day was originally aliturgical, that is, without Mass. What is described below took place in the evening and through the night before Easter; really a Paschal vigil or watch in the strictest sense. Indeed, much of the beautiful symbolism in the ceremonies — the candle-lighting, for instance, and the triumphant *Alleluia* — was lost when service hours were gradually advanced from the dim early dawn of Easter to the broad daylight of Saturday.

There are five parts to the ceremonies.

A. THE CANDLE SERVICE.

This is a glorified candle-lighting ceremonial. It consists of the rites for

1. Blessing the new fire;
2. Worship of the light (*Lumen Christi*), borrowed from the Mozarabic rite of Spain;
3. Praise of the candle, in the form of a preface sung by the deacon.

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B. THE NIGHT VIGIL OFFICE.

This is the type of *Matins* used at Rome before the monks introduced their more Oriental office—merely twelve scripture readings, prayers, vocal and mental (for the words *Flectamus genua* are a sign to begin meditation), and the chanting of the prophetic odes (two canticles of Moses and the hymn of Isaías).

C. THE BLESSING OF THE BAPTISMAL FONT AND THE BAPTISM OF CONVERTS.

The latter portion of this ceremonial is hardly ever witnessed, and even the blessing of the font, since it takes place in the baptistery, is usually hidden from the view of the congregation. But the litany, which was anciently sung during the baptismal rite, and now follows it, is sung by all while the altar is prepared for holy Mass.

D. THE VIGIL MASS.

Since this was originally sung early on Easter morn, there is in it a note of joy. The Mass preserves some of the ancient traits: absence of an Introit and offertory and *Agnus Dei*, and the inclusion of a very peculiar *Alleluia* verse to be sung not by a skilled chorister but by the celebrant.

E. "VESPERS."

This is an interpolation of the late Middle Ages, after the preceding services had been transferred to a position around Saturday noon; how out of place it is can be seen when we consider that we have just finished the night office for Easter morning!

Eighteenth Century Cures

In case our readers are interested, here is the way "to hinder the nightmare from Riding horses," taken from an eighteenth century manual by one Tryon: "Take a flint and make a hole in it, and put a string through it, and hang it by the manger, or about the beast's neck, and it will prevent the nightmare. . . . To cure an Ague, write these following words in Parchment, it must be writ triangularly and wear it about your neck. 'Tis said one Cured about 100 with it.

ABRACADABRA
ABRACADABR
ABRACADAB
ABRACADA
ABRACAD
ABRACA
ABRAC
ABRA
ABR
AB
A

To cure the biting of a mad dog write on a piece of paper these words, Rebus, Rubus, Epilepscum, give it to the part or Beast bitten, or cat, in Bread. This never fails."

Side Glances

by The Bystander

It takes an intelligent reader to know when he is being propagandized by a best-seller that has been made such by advertising. Take Kenneth Roberts' *Oliver Wiswell*. It took the penetrating and well read Charles Willis Thompson, writing in *The Catholic World* to "debunk" this "debunker." Dozens of other readers we've heard acclaiming it, crediting it with total veracity, drawing the conclusion from the book (just what Roberts intended) that the founding fathers of the United States were, almost to a man, a low lot. (If you have not read the book, you do not need to; it is enough to know that its thesis, thinly draped under the raiment of an historical novel, is that the American Revolution was an inexcusable revolt by an inferior race against good masters, that the English were refined, benevolent, gracious, intelligent and virtuous, while the Americans who revolted were uncultured, ignorant, uncouth and, of course, immoral.) One example of a typical novelist's trick of directing sympathies is Roberts' descriptions of the soldiers of the two armies. The English soldiers are poetically beautiful whenever they appear; the Americans are always repulsive. When the American militiaman perspires, "he sweats and stinks;" when the English perspire, they are "boys, downy-cheeked boys . . . with rivulets of perspiration running down their cheeks." Americans are always "pock-marked"—the English never. . . . It is a small item, but a persistent one through the book, and it is not the sort of thing you get out of documents, nor does it make reading that one cares to trust, apart from the considerations of patriotism and loyalty.



The *New York Times* has entered the fold of Margaret Sanger. A few weeks ago it accepted an almost full page advertisement whose heading was:

THE FIRST KEY TO STRONG
NATIONAL HEALTH—
BIRTH—CONTROL

Then followed as fine a collection of sophisms, disproven scientific theories, emotional plugs for the ignorant to swallow, as we have ever seen. "Through Planned Parenthood to Make America Strong We must First Make Americans Strong." There's the old exploded hokum again—the assumption that fewer children are stronger children. (According to the theory, the child who is an only child should be able to "lick the stuffin's" out of any three or four children who are born of the same parents, because the latter weaken one another by having the same parents and being not more than a couple of years apart in age. As for us, we'll lay odds on any *one* of the latter large-family-children to take

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into camp any three or four of the usual run of birth-controlled-only-children.) Further on in the ad is this terrible prophecy: "By 1956, of all the babies born in 1941, 180,000 will be dead, 20,588 will be crippled, 59,524 will be tubercular; 309,524 will be mentally deficient, 12,500 will be problem children." There's some crystal-gazing for you. Of course, it is assumed, there is absolutely no way of ever averting any of these misfortunes (which Mrs. Sanger, no doubt in a trance, has already counted just like the government has counted its draftees). The only thing you can do about it is not to have the babies. But we'll match Mrs. Sanger's prophecy, and let time tell who was more right: Of all the birth-shirking mothers of 1941, there will be in the year 1956, 156,431 neurotics and psychotics, 324,768 frustrated divorcees, 285,349 physically diseased, and a number we dare not even surmise in a place over whose gates Dante placed the words: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."



Sideglances into the minds of converts are always interesting and profitable. Here is what Dr. Herbert Cory, Professor of Liberal Arts at the University of Washington, had to say recently about his conversion: "During my five years of this work (biological study at Johns Hopkins University) I developed reasoned proofs for the existence of God. I saw that if the atheist were consistent he would have to deny not only all religion, but the objective validity of all the sciences, and indeed all possibility of intelligent and intelligible communication between human beings on any subject whatever. But I had to await my discovery that Orthodox Christianity may be proved by the reason, without recourse to authority, before I understood completely just why it is that the God, Who is Love, permits us to suffer so many evils. I still suffered from some of the delusions which in high school and college are taught by unscientific historical text books. I was naive enough to think along with some of my associates, that the Catholics had to accept authority blindly, to conform to its slavishly, that the Catholic Church feared all sciences, opposed all progress and sided with the oppressing classes. But when I reread history with the guidance of scientific historians, I was completely cured of these errors. And when I had the privilege of reading Scholastic Philosophy with Catholic scholars, I discovered a profoundly constructive system of thought which, unlike all the other modern philosophies, is not stamped by the sciences, but enters into a fertile union with them. . . . I have discovered that Catholicism is a tremendous synthesis, a gigantic deduction. I have learned that all strands of thought, literary, psychological, sociological, biological, moral and theological, converge and meet in that one Church which Jesus Christ entrusted to St. Peter, whose two hundred and sixty-fourth successor, Pope Pius XII, looks dauntlessly out from the Vatican and offers to an insane world the only economic and political as well as religious program which can save us from reeling backward and downward below the beast."



Catholic Anecdotes

CHARITY IN CONTROVERSY

KING ST. LOUIS loved to gather his friends about him and have them talk freely with him for "there's no such good book as Quolibet, or say what you please," he would say.

Sometimes he would deliberately stir up the little group to an amusing and harmless controversy on some such question as this: "Is it better to be a gallant or a monk?"

Once, when the discussion grew rather hot, and Master Robert of Sorbonne seemed to be getting the worst of it, the king ended by taking his part and saving the day for him.

Afterwards he confided to his faithful Joinville:

"I was not in the right when I defended poor Master Robert just now, but I saw he was so overcome that he needed my support."

NOT ALL AT ONCE!

AN IRISH viceroy is said to have engaged in conversation an old peer from the English countryside.

"Wonderful rain we've been having: everything coming up out of the ground," he said.

"God forbid!" said the old peer.

"I said, that everything was coming up out of the ground," repeated the viceroy, slightly raising his voice, thinking the old man was deaf.

"And I said: 'God forbid!'" retorted the old gentleman: "I've got three wives buried under it!"

A SHILLING'S WORTH OF CHURCH

IT WAS the constant grievance of the architect, Pugin, that the poverty of the English Catholics prevented him from carrying out his grandiose ideas on the building of Churches.

A bishop once wrote to him asking plans for a cathedral, very spacious, extraordinarily handsome and — above all — cheap, money being very scarce.

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Thereupon Pugin wrote back, not without sarcasm:

"My dear Lordship, why not say thirty shillings more, and have a tower and a spire while you are about it?"

COURT ADJOURNED

BISHOP ULLATHORNE in his Autobiography describes amusingly the manner in which, as newly appointed Vicar-General of New South Wales, he handled the rather difficult situations which he encountered.

One of his diocesans came periodically with complaints and grievances which were quite unfounded. The Vicar would let him talk, so long as he did not begin to undermine the character of a third person. When he did this, the following conversation would take place:

"I would on no account say anything disparaging of so and so," the visitor would say, "but he is a dishonest person and a great scoundrel. I do not wish to say anything disrespectful about him. . . ."

Thereupon the Vicar would immediately respond:

"Father Therry, you or I must leave the room. Which shall it be?"

"Oh, I will retire, by all means."

And the Vicar would smile to himself as he turned back to his books.

A DIFFERENT MATTER

THE great Catholic naturalist, Charles Waterton, among his other eccentricities, had a passionate devotion to strict punctuality.

Once in talking to a friend about the matter, he said:

"If the Queen herself were to come and visit me, I would put myself at her service; I would do everything she wished — but I would make it clear to her that dinner is served at twelve and supper at six."

The friend smiled. "And what if the Pope should come to visit you," he said, knowing Waterton's devotion to his religion.

"Ah, I'll tell you that," was Waterton's wary reply, "when the Pope sets foot on English soil."

Pointed Paragraphs

Holy Week

The Church is pretty wise in her prescriptions. Even though people of the world laugh at her and call her old-fashioned, she is the one who has the remedy for their troubles.

Take this matter of Holy Week. Holy Week is a time of deep mourning. Churches are decked in purple and ceremonies are sad and solemn. Every prayer, every gesture, every rubric reflects a spirit of sorrow. During Holy Week takes place the wake of Christ.

Now the wisdom of this yearly practice is apparent to all who have the use of reason. In Christ's sufferings we see our own; in Christ's sufferings we find strength to bear our own. The idea is presented again and again as the ceremonies carry on through Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday that if Christ suffered so brutally, we should not be adverse to the acceptance of a few pains and troubles ourselves. Like Master, like disciple. While the problem of pain will never be completely solved here on earth, in the services of Holy Week a workable and meritorious method of bearing pain is given. And it is dramatized so that the unlettered as well as the educated can actually *see* the lesson that they are to learn.

Holy Week will have special significances this year. With bombs dropping from the air upon helpless citizens, with thousands starving and other thousands lost in slavery, with suffering stalking over the earth like an evil giant, men will need a bolstering up of their courage and a strengthening of their resolution. They will find the one and the other in the temples of the Catholic Church during Holy Week.

Many will not believe this. Holy Week will mean no more to them than medieval pageantry. They will answer the problem of pain by sending food to Europe and evacuating children from England. They will relieve suffering by giving speeches over the radio and backing charity programs for the relief of Greece. But suffering will continue.

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If only they, as well as those actually suffering, could accept Christ! What visions would they not see! What solutions to the problems of life!

Lesson for the Nations

In the war that is being currently fought there are of course "sides." If there were no "sides," there could be no war.

On the one "side" there are the English; on the other "side" there are the Germans. However, Russia is not entirely out of the picture, for there are certain peoples that Russia does not like, and she is constantly stirring up trouble amongst them. If these peoples were not afraid of her, they would "slap" her down in a hurry and sit on her trunk. France was against Germany originally and most likely still is, though a lot of her children are not too sure of their allegiance. Holland is having a time for herself picking off Nazis from attics and from behind trees, and being picked off themselves (though a bit more formally) in return. The Balkans are just a mess and Italy does not seem to know what side she is on. Nobody seems to know who is for whom, and who against. In fact, all Europe is in the bad fix of nobody being able to get along with anybody. And so the war goes on.

Now I know a certain religious community of the Catholic Church in the United States of America. In that community there is an Englishman, and he is known as the rector, or the superior. His first assistant is a German, who looks like a German. Down the line from then on, there are a Frenchman, a Russian (lay-brother), an Irishman, a Pole and a Jew. Americans are scattered in between. An Italian completes the roster.

In this group there is not a single saint, at least as far as it can be noticed. Some day one or the other may mount the altar and merit a statue; but right now they all seem ordinary and simple enough, with faults that are odious to the rest, and virtues that are a boon.

This religious group is part of a missionary order, by which is meant, the men go out to parishes and evangelize the people by sermons on eternal truths. The men generally go out two by two. Sometimes the Irishman and the Jew will be together; at other times, the

German and the Englishman. And the strange part of it is, they do get on well together. When the whole community is gathered together (as it sometimes happens) there is great hilarity and joy. Nationality seems to have been forgotten; nationality is forgotten in the stronger memory of the charity of Christ. And so this conglomeration of nations can continue to exist, and to be happy too. Is it the Faith that is making this possible?

If the European nations really wanted to find out the secret of living side by side in peace, they could do no better than to send a delegation of their greatest experts to this community. Indeed, the delegation would not have to consist of experts. Anybody could soon discover the reason of their "peace" in spite of the differences of their blood.

Wives and Husbands

It is always refreshing to hear of young married couples directing their married life by the simple practices of faith. In this day and age when there are so many young married folk who are worldly-wise in their attitudes and unspiritual in their beliefs, the sight of old-fashioned faith is as invigorating as a breath of mountain air. And especially is such an exception invigorating when it is found amongst newly-married couples. Marriage is so beautiful (it was founded by God) and so difficult a state of life (there are 600,000 divorces in the United States) that those who use the means to preserve it bring down to earth a little bit of heaven.

Sometime ago a priest had occasion to visit a home on the outskirts of a certain parish far out in the country. There were Mr. and Mrs. ——— in the family and six children. They were poor, but they were happy, and handsome too for all that. In the course of the conversation Mrs. ——— asked the priest if he would be kind enough to secure for her a new copy of a certain leaflet of prayers. She showed him her old copy; it was torn and tattered, and about to fall apart. "You know, Father," she said without affectation, "John and I have been saying the prayers in this leaflet together every night from the day we were married." John nodded. "Yes, she's right," he said. "We began the first day of our honeymoon, and we've been going ever since. Kneeling down at that."

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A story like that presents a really beautiful picture, a picture such as Joseph and Mary must have made in the humble home at Nazareth. And the young bride and bridegroom who begin their life in the same way, and carry on all the way through, will not be affected by the poison of the world so freely scattered abroad these days by souls that are lost.

It may not *seem* like anything very great to say morning prayers and evening prayers together; but it *is* something great. And God will dwell in that home. If God dwells there, what evil can enter to destroy it?

Mr. Cagney and the Cactus

James Cagney, in one of the scenes of the picture he is now making, is supposed to sit on a piece of cactus. When the time came to practice this humorous scene and the actor saw the *real* cactus beneath him, he demurred. The show could not go on until *artificial* cactus with fake thorns had been manufactured by the studio to take the place of the real. On that Mr. Cagney sat down, with the proper reaction of pain and distress. The artificial cactus cost \$500.

\$500! A magic wand, an angel's breath, a drop of dew from heaven with which the following miracles could be worked.

One of the 100,000 mortgages could be lifted from a falling home.

One of the thousand boys so aspiring could be sent on his way to the heights of the priesthood.

One of the innumerable tuberculous and cancerous and otherwise diseased men and women of the country could be given treatment that might mean cure.

One of the countless broken and despairing families in the industrial and business wastes of the land could be lifted once more into the sunlight of security.

One of the million pagan souls of China or Japan might be redeemed and brought home to God for all eternity.

\$500! It was cast to the winds; it was thrown in the sea—in the manufacture of an artificial cactus when for fifty cents a real cactus could have been mailed from Arizona and put in use the very next day.

And so the mortgage remains and the boy does not become a priest and the tuberculous and cancerous germs continue on their path of

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unchecked devastation. And so the broken and despairing family sinks deeper into rotting anonymity, and the soul in China or Japan for which Christ died is lost to Him forever.

It is too bad that there was not a bottle of iodine handy in the studio, a pair of pliers and a kindly attendant. And above all, a *real* cactus that can be mailed for fifty cents from the sands of Arizona.

What glorious scars would not those have been on Mr. Cagney's back. The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians.

The Half and the Whole

A famous historian, so the story goes, was crossing the Nile, and began to talk to the boatman.

"Can you read the Sanscrit language?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the boatman.

"Can you recognize the stars?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know anything about the history of the world?"

"I do not, sir."

"Why, man! You have lost half your life!" cried the scholar.

Suddenly a gust of wind overturned the boat.

"Sir," shouted the boatman, "Do you know how to swim?"

"I do not."

"Then you have lost your whole life, sir."

Geographical Tongue-Twister

Test your enunciatory abilities on these jaw-breaking names of rivers to be found in the United States, as lined up by the *Young Catholic Messenger*:

Alabama: Chattahoochee, Conecuh, Choctawhatchee.

Florida: Oklawaha, Kissimmee.

Georgia: Altamaha, Apalachicola, Klamath, Ocmulgee, Oconee.

South Carolina: Wateree, Saluda, Yadkin.

Washington: Okanagan, Skagit, Snohomish, Snoqualmie, Puyallup, Chehalis.



—♦♦♦♦♦ LIGUORIANA ♦♦♦♦♦—

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

"HAIL HOLY QUEEN, MOTHER OF MERCY"

Our Mother's Great Love for Us.

Since Mary is our Mother, we may consider how great is the love she bears us; love

From: she bears us; love
The Glories towards our children
of Mary is a necessary impulse of nature; and St. Thomas says that this is the reason why the divine law imposes on children the obligation of loving their parents; but gives no express command that parents should love their children, for nature itself has so strongly implanted it in all creatures, that, as St. Ambrose remarks, "we know that a mother will expose herself to danger for her children, and even the most savage beasts cannot do otherwise than love their young."

Let us consider the reason of this love; for then we shall be better able to understand how much this good Mother loves us.

The first reason for the great love that Mary bears to men, is the great love that she bears to God; love towards God and love towards our neighbor belong to the same commandment, as expressed by St. John: *this commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God, love also his brother*; so that as the one becomes greater the other also increases. What have the saints done for their neighbor in consequence of their love towards

God? Read only the account of the labors of St. Francis Xavier in the Indies, where, in order to aid the souls of these poor barbarians and bring them to God, he exposed himself to a thousand dangers, clambering amongst the mountains, and seeking out these poor creatures in the caves in which they dwelt like wild beasts. . . . The saints, then, because they loved God much, did much for their neighbor; but who ever loved God as much as Mary?

Moreover, our Mother loves us so much, because we were recommended to her by her beloved Jesus, when He said to her before expiring, *Woman, behold thy son!* for we were all represented in the person of St. John, as we have already observed: these were His last words; and the last recommendations left before death by persons we love are always treasured and never forgotten.

But again, we are exceedingly dear to Mary on account of the sufferings we cost her. Mothers generally love those children most, the preservation of whose lives has cost them the most suffering and anxiety; we are those children for whom Mary, in order to obtain for us the life of grace, was obliged to endure the bitter agony of herself offering her beloved Jesus to die an ignominious death, and had also to see Him expire before her own eyes in the midst of the most

cruel and unheard-of torments. It was then by this great offering of Mary that we were born to the life of grace; we are therefore her very dear children, since we cost her so great suffering.

From this arises another motive for the love of Mary towards us, for in us she beholds that which has been purchased at the price of the death of Jesus Christ. If a mother knew that a servant had been ransomed by a beloved son at the price of twenty years of imprisonment and suffering, how greatly would she esteem that servant on this account alone! Mary well knows that her Son came into the world only to save us poor creatures, as He Himself protested, *I am come to save that which was lost*. And to save us He was pleased even to lay down His life for us, *Having become obedient unto death*. If, then, Mary loved us but little, she would show that she valued but little the blood of her Son, which was the price of our salvation.

And now, if Mary is so good to all, even to the ungrateful and negligent, who love her but little and seldom have recourse to her, how much more loving will she be to those who love her and often call upon her! *She is easily found by them that seek her*. "O how easy," says the Blessed Albert, "is it for those who love Mary to find her, and to find her full of compassion and love!" In the words of the Book of Proverbs, *I love them that love me*, she protests that she can not do otherwise than love those who love her. And although

this most loving Lady loves all men as her children, yet, says St. Bernard, "she recognizes and loves," that is, she loves in a more special manner, those who love her more tenderly.

O, how much does the love of this good Mother exceed that of all her children! Let them love her as much as they will, Mary is always amongst lovers the most loving, says St. Ignatius the Martyr.

Let us love her like that great lover of Mary, St. Bernard, who loved this his sweet Mother so much that he called her the ravisher of hearts; and to express the ardent love he bore her, added: "for hast thou not ravished my heart, O Queen!"

Let us call her beloved, like St. Bernardine of Sienna, who daily went to visit a devotional picture of Mary, and there, in tender colloquies with his Queen, declared his love; and when asked where he went each day, he replied that he went to visit his beloved.

Let us love her as much as St. Francis Solano did, who, madened as it were (but with a holy madness), with love for Mary, would sing before her picture, and accompany himself on a musical instrument, saying, that, like worldly lovers, he serenaded his most sweet Queen.



The cause of all our punishment by God is sin, especially obstinacy in sin. If we do not remove the cause of the scourge, how can we escape the scourge itself?

New Books and Old

Every Catholic, it seems to me, who is fortunate in possessing a High School (not to mention a College) education should be acquainted with the work of Hilaire Belloc, whom many regard as

the most talented and influential Catholic writer living today and writing for English speaking peoples. Belloc is of course chiefly known for his biographies, most of which are concerned with characters of the late Reformation period in England, and the French Revolution. But perversely enough, I have for a long time liked Belloc best for his informal essays. Two books recently published confirmed me in my perversity. One is a collection of new essays—*The Silence of the Sea* (Sheed & Ward), and the other is a selection from among the older essays, published by Lippincott, and called *Selected Essays of Hilaire Belloc*. The editor of this latter volume, John Edward Dineen, complains in his introduction that it is a pity to see Belloc's work in the field of the essay ignored, since he must certainly be reckoned among modern masters of this particular literary form. "In his essays," Mr. Dineen goes on to say, "Belloc seems to devote more care to his literary style than in his other works." Some of his essays, of course, are in the field of controversy, notably the *Essays of a Catholic*, published a few years ago by Sheed & Ward, in which Belloc militantly argues for his convictions. But the ones I like best are those in which he seems to put controversy and argument aside for a time and writes for the sheer joy of writing upon any and every subject that comes into his head. The names of some of the early collections are a key to the vein in which they are written; *Conversations With a Cat*; *Short Talks With the Dead*; *Conversations With An Angel*; *This, That, and the Other*; and that delightful series of volumes: *On Everything*; *On Anything*; *On Nothing*; *On*. The essays in these volumes are uni-

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGURIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

formly marked with a wonderful lightness of touch joined with a penetrating insight into the deep truths underlying common and ordinary things. There is furthermore a constant current of satire

that is pungent, but never offensive. Politicians and the idle rich are two classes of people upon whom Belloc never tires of wielding his satirical scalpel; and hypocrisy and pretentiousness are sins which hardly merit forgiveness. A few of the volumes can still be purchased; others are out of print, but are probably to be found on the shelves of the libraries in our larger cities. That's enough on Belloc for this month; later I hope to look at some of the other departments of his many-sided genius.

We are getting towards the end of Lent, but it is not too late to recommend with great warmth the *Lenten Missal* recently published and explained by Rev. Joseph Stedman, Director of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood. This little work, excellently bound, printed and illustrated, and containing 518 pages, sells for the amazingly low price of 30c. The prayers of the Lenten Masses and the beautiful Holy Week Services are given in full (in English), and the whole is arranged in a simplified system that makes it easy for anyone to follow the various services. Father Stedman some time ago issued *My Sunday Missal*, containing the Mass in English for every Sunday and Holy day throughout the year, 384 pages, for 20c. When Missals can be obtained thus reasonably, there is certainly no excuse for any Catholic going without one, and it cannot be too warmly urged that Catholics everywhere, in high places and low, cooperate with the zealous Father Stedman in distributing these Missals, and thus making the Mass better known to every Catholic. Such a crusade might almost be called an eighth spiritual work of mercy. Those

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who wish to secure these missals, singly or in lot, may do so through THE LIGUORIAN. The *Lenten Missal* is priced at 30c, 40c, 65c, and \$1.50; and *My Sunday Missal* at 20c, 30c, 50c, and \$1.00. In lots, of course, these prices are reduced.

Talking about Missals puts me in mind of several good books on the Mass-liturgy which those who are liturgically minded should find useful and interesting. The book that has been outstanding among those published in recent years is *The Liturgy of the Mass* by Dr. Pius Parsch, translated by Rev. Frederic Eckhoff, and published by Herder (\$2.50). This book can hardly be surpassed for its clear and yet fundamental analysis of the structure of the Holy Sacrifice. A further synopsis of his own work has been made by Dr. Parsch for purposes of explanation and discussion, and this synopsis has been translated and further prepared for discussion groups by Rev. Wm. Busch. It is called *Study the Mass*, contains 118 pages, and is published by the Liturgical Press at Collegeville, Minn. (Price, 25c.) Those who are trying to acquaint themselves with the structure of the Mass either by themselves or in discussion groups ought certainly to secure this pamphlet. The third book I would like to mention is midway between the two mentioned above in size; it is called *The Sacrifice* and is written by Rev. Paul Bussard. (Leaflet Missal Press, \$1.00.) This work too is more or less of a condensation of the material to be found in Dr. Parsch's book, but I recommend it as a well written and interesting exposition; more readable, perhaps, than the other two. — L. G. M.

SPECIAL TOPICS

After reading *The Sacred Bond* by Rev. E. Schmiedler, O.S.B. (Kenedy, \$1.35), one appreciates more than ever the beauty of God's plan in the institution of sacred wedlock—and realizes what those people miss to whom the true nature of marriage is a closed book. That marriage is part of God's plan is a fact often ignored in the practice of millions of people, who act as if marriage were of human origin and that therefore man himself may alter the idea of marriage to suit himself. Presented in a pleasing way, the position of the Church with regard to marriage will become clear to many; they will more readily grasp fundamental

facts which hitherto, perhaps, were hard to understand, especially in view of the modern set-up. They will learn of the happiness that can exist with holiness in family life—yes, and would exist if God's plans were not constantly thwarted by man's selfishness. For those seeking inspiration for their married life—for young people too, about to enter this state of life, a grasp of all these truths will be helpful, especially as treated in this book. For not content with merely proposing the correct doctrine, the writer has given practical suggestions which everyone can use in building up a truly Christian home. Such are his reflections on having mutual interests to knit the members of a family into a home unit as well as his hints about the bad effects of the radio, of shows, of the press because they bring moral contagion into the home. . . . Read the book—think about it,—then do your best to put these suggestions into practice.

Among other worthwhile books on this subject is *Happiness In Marriage* by Rev. A. H. Dolan O.Carm. (Carmelite Press, paper, 50c; cloth, \$1.00). Father Dolan has had much experience in helping people with their marital difficulties. But as he says: "I always felt the inadequacy of any reply which isolates a particular problem from the entire body of full and beautiful Catholic truths about Matrimony. That body of truths is presented in this volume, and in it is contained the germinal solution of every marital problem ever brought to my attention." In question and answer form, the author explains many things: how marriage is not only a contract but also a SACRAMENT, a means of SALVATION, a CAREER, a VOCATION, and a CONSECRATION. There is an explanation of the sex instinct with its proper place in God's plan; he shows how marriage is a partnership with God. In fact, just about every aspect of marriage is covered in this book, with a final word—and it is excellent—touching the problem of a vocation to a single life in the world. . . . — J. A. B.

A new monthly paper *The Christian Farmer* will be useful and interesting for Catholics in the rural districts. Edited by Rev. Urban Baer at Wilton, Wis., the paper will treat agrarian problems from a Christian standpoint. The cost of subscription is 50c a year, 5c for a single copy. — L. G. M.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

A man walking on a country road noticed that a farmer was having trouble with his horse. It would start, go slowly for a short distance, and then stop again. Thereupon the farmer would have great difficulty in getting it started. Finally the traveler approached and asked, solicitously:

"Is your horse sick?"

"Not as I knows of."

"Is he balky?"

"No. But he is so danged 'fraid I'll say whoa and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."

*

Dentist's Daughter: "Well, dear, have you asked father for my hand yet?"

Shy Suitor: "No. Every time I step into his office I lose courage. Today I allowed him to pull another tooth."

*

The lady was visiting the aquarium. "Can you tell me whether I could get a live shark here?" she asked an attendant.

"A live shark? What could you do with a live shark?"

"A neighbor's cat has been eating my goldfish, and I want to teach him a lesson."

*

A barking dog never bites; in other words, he never barks when he's biting.

*

He was relating his adventures to his fiancée.

"I had to hack my way through almost impenetrable jungle," he said. "Chopping, slashing at thick undergrowth and trees."

"Oh, George," said she, "you'll be an expert at weeding the garden!"

*

The customer ambled into the used car lot and squeaked, "I'd like to trade this 1928 flivver of mine in on a new car." To which the salesman cracked, "Hah, I'll bet you would!"

*

A girl was driving in her new car when something went wrong with the engine. The traffic light changed from green to red and back to green and still she could not get the car to budge. The traffic cop came up.

"What's the matter, Miss?" he inquired. "Ain't we got colors you like?"

Bride: "I'd like a shoulder of smoked ham."

Butcher: "I am extremely sorry that we haven't any just now. How about a nice fresh leg of spare rib instead?"

*

Mother: "Who ever taught you to use that dreadful word?"

Tommy: "Santa Claus, mama."

Mother: "Santa Claus?"

Tommy: "Yes, mama, when he fell over a chair in my bedroom on Christmas eve."

*

"Diane, I could die for your sake."

"You are always saying that, but you never do it."

*

The piano teacher was expected any minute, and William was preparing to take his lesson.

"Did you wash your hands?" inquired mother.

"Yes."

"And your face?"

"Yes, mother."

"And did you wash behind your ears?"

"On her side I did, mother."

*

Said a jaded guest at a formal function to the man next to him:

"Gee, this thing is a bore; I'm going to beat it!"

"I would, too," said the other, "but I've got to stay. I'm the host!"

*

"A fine youngster," said the elderly man to the young mother, sitting opposite him on the train. "I hope you will bring him up to be an upright and conscientious man."

"Yes," smiled the fond mother, "but I'm afraid it's going to be a bit difficult, as—"

"Oh, nonsense," continued the adviser; "as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined."

"I know it," agreed the mother; "but this twig is bent on being a girl, and we are inclined to let it go at that."

*

"Uncle Elmer, will you sing, please?"

"All right, Billy. But why do you ask me to sing just now?"

"Jimmy and I are playing at ships and we want a foghorn."